

AMERICAN  
Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

MARCH, 1844.

Embellishment:

PORTRAIT OF NUTWITH:

WINNER OF THE LAST DONCASTER ST. LEGER.

Engraved on Steel by DICK after HACKER, from a Painting by J. F. HERRING.

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THIS NUMBER CONTAINS FOUR SHEETS, OR SIXTY-FOUR PAGES.

### **RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.**

**JACKSON, La. - - - Fashion Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 4th Wednesday, 24th April.**

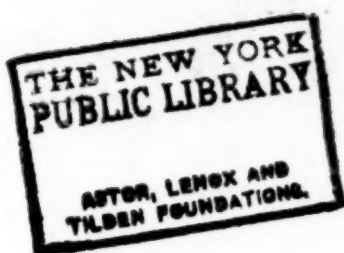
**LOUISVILLE, Ky. - Oakland Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 3d June.**

**NEW ORLEANS, La. Eclipse Course, Louisiana Assoc'n S. M., 1st Tuesday, 5th March.**

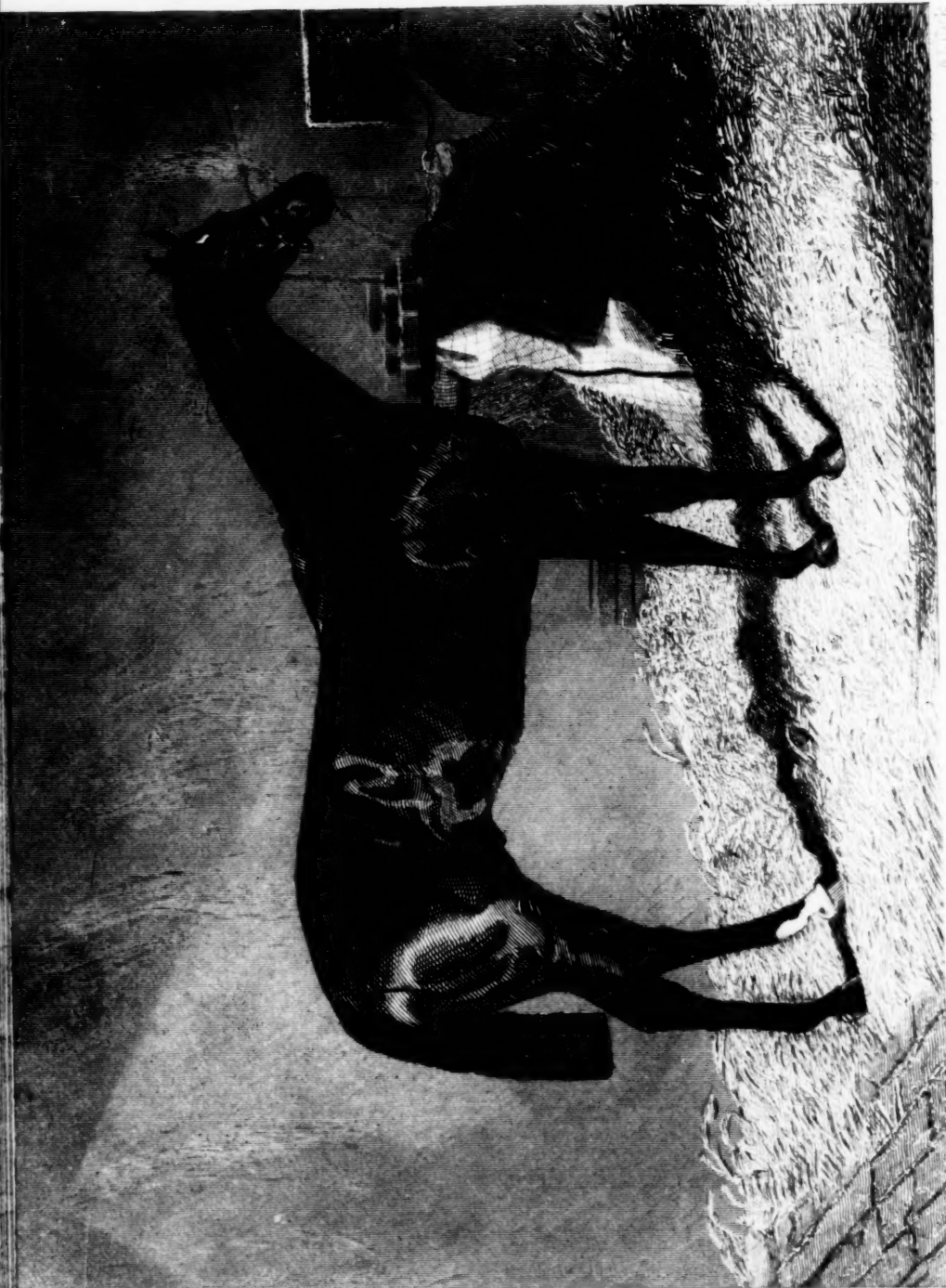
**" " " Metarie Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 12th March.**

**OPELOUSAS, La. - - St. Landry Jockey Club Spring Meeting, 2d week in May.**

**WASHINGTON, D.C. Jockey Club Spring Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 14th May.**



THE GREAT BAY HORSE  
J. T. M. T. D. M.





PORTRAIT OF NUTWITH;  
WINNER OF THE DONCASTER ST. LEGER, 1843.

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ENGRAVED BY DICK AFTER HACKER, FROM A PAINTING BY J. F. HERRING.

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Copied from the London "Sporting Review" and the "Sportsman."

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ONE of the numerous racing prophets, in exercising his vocation on the late St. Leger, made an observation to the following effect—that it was next to impossible for a winner of the Derby to also run first for the great race of the north; and, although unable to say what would win, he ventured on these grounds to predict that Cotherstone would not. Like most prophets, he no doubt gathered his ideas of the future from his experience of the past; though, however that might be, the event proved they were sufficiently correct. This is now the third year in succession that the winners of the Derby have gone to Doncaster with the odds on them against the field, but have all lost there some of their Epsom laurels, and their friends some of their Epsom winnings—being beaten in the two former, some say in every instance, by inferior horses. In 1841, Coronation won the Derby, and ran second to Satrlist for the St. Leger; but who, for a moment, will dispute the fact that the Oxfordshire nag, when in proper trim, was at any time at least seven pounds the best of the two? In 1842, Attila won the Derby, and with some others ran in behind a very inferior animal at Doncaster. And now Cotherstone, the winner of the Derby, the best horse of his year, or the best horse we have had for years, in the best hands, and the property of about the luckiest man on the Turf, loses the St. Leger, the Champion laurels, and some thousands or tens of thousands with them, by one short head! On every event on the Turf, from a pony-scramble for a saddle and bridle up to the most valuable stakes, we are almost sure to hear a variety of contradictory opinions: and the last Doncaster St. Leger is no exception to the rule. The race, as usual, though one of the best ever seen, afforded the losing party anything but that satisfaction it did the winners or the disinterested, and all sorts of murmurs and censures found utterance. "Cotherstone was beaten," says one grumbler, "from the over-fine, doubly deep policy of his party." "Cotherstone lost," cries another, "because Butler did not make enough use of him, was nervous, and, in short, rode him very indifferently" (not that we by any means agree with this opinion). While a third, who stops at nothing, boldly declares, in everything but print, that "Cotherstone did not win, because his party never for a moment——" But, hold hard! if this gentleman does not speak in type, we do; and, moreover, we have heard of such a thing as the law of libel. So much, then, for the losers, who always should—and, indeed, gene-

rally do—find some capital excuses. The winner, on the other hand, seldom requires them; still *audi alteram partem*—in vulgar phrase, “fair play is a jewel;” and having said so much for his formidable opponent, common justice demands a word or two for the conqueror. In the first place, the St. Leger was run from end to end; in races of which description a good horse has full scope for displaying his powers, while the pace is death itself to a bad one. Nearly every yard, we repeat, was at first-rate speed; still Nutwith did not triumph solely from his lasting powers. No: he lived the pace in the front rank all through, and in the grand struggle, be it remembered, had by far the worst position of the trio—in the centre, with a party playing into each other’s hands on either side of him. Above all this (or his party might have made more of him) he was not thought to be exactly “the thing” for a day or two previous to the race. Taking these *pros* and *cons* into consideration, we are inclined to believe, despite all that has been said of fortune, fate, or bad management, that the winner of the last St. Leger is a thorough good nag, has proved himself to be such on every occasion, if not the best, ranking high among the stars of his year, and right worthy to claim relationship with “t’auld mare Bee’s-wing.”

We frequently hear men who breed for the Turf—particularly when anxious to sell—speak, among other good qualities, of a nice “young fresh” mare to breed from. These, however, had long ceased to be recommendations appertaining to the dam of Nutwith; and it is worthy of remark, that the dams of this year’s Derby and St. Leger winners were both “dowagers”—Emma, the dam of Cotherstone, (as also of Mundig and Trustee,) being now in her twentieth year, and Nutwith’s dam was destroyed a short time back, after having numbered six-and-twenty summers. She was bred by and died in the possession of Mr. Wrather, the owner of Nutwith, a gentleman engaged in agricultural pursuits; so that, although one British Yeoman disappointed a certain party by not winning the Derby, another British yeoman agreeably surprised the same *clan* by winning the St. Leger. Though the great race of the south was politely allowed to travel north, the compliment was not returned: York would not suffer his own to depart from him, his chosen champion having been prepared, as well as reared, on the soil of old Ebor—or, to speak plainly, Nutwith, who takes his name from Nutwith, near Masham, in the same county, has been trained from the first by Robert Johnson, of Middleham, so famous for preparing Bee’s-wing for her numerous triumphs. The Yeoman, as we have already hinted, was also under his care, and at the time of that gentleman’s decease he had the horses of the late Hon. T. Orde Powlett in his stable. If full credit be given to Johnson for preparing the material, no less is due to Marson for the masterly style in which he used it, making every point tell, and displaying in the momentous struggle those two great virtues in a jockey—patience and coolness. Previous to this, Marson’s principal achievements had been for another Mr. Johnson, on Charles XII.

The following description of the horse, furnished by Mr. Herring, we lay before our readers, previous to entering into a detail of his pedigree and performances :—

Nutwith stands 15 hands  $2\frac{1}{4}$  inches, but has when mounted the appearance of a smaller horse. He has a long straight head, light and rather short neck, strong shoulders, well laid back, and is good in the brisket; unusually large arms, with clean light legs, and long upright pasterns; his back short, his loins arched; is well ribbed, as a sailor would say, fore and aft; has long quarters, full muscular gaskins and thighs, small hocks, and rather curby in their appearance; tail well set on.

Nutwith, bred by the late Captain Wrather, is by Tomboy, dam by Comus; her dam, Plumper's dam, by Delpini, out of Miss Muston, by King Fergus—Espersykes. This Comus mare was bred by Mr. Wrather in 1816, and was also the dam of Hockfall, Colchicum, and Miss Lydia, which, with Nutwith, were her four last foals.

Tomboy, the sire of Nutwith, was bred by the late Mr. Orde in 1829, and is by Jerry, out of Bee's-wing's dam, by Ardrossan, her dam Lady Eliza, by Whitworth. Tomboy was a good runner, and though but six or seven years in the stud, is the sire of the following good public performers :—Hoyden, Pelerine, Tory-boy, Moonbeam, Cabrera, Master Thomas, Playfellow, Jolly-boy, Maid of Auckland, Priscilla Tomboy, Queen of Tyne, Trueboy, and Affection.

In 1842, Nutwith ran second to Winesour for the Tyro Stakes at Newcastle. A British Yeoman, Ravensworth, Erin-Lad, and Little Benton also started, and were placed in the order in which their names are given : Winesour won by a neck, and A British Yeoman was beaten a neck for second. 6 to 1 agst. Nutwith. At Ripon, Nutwith won a sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each by a length, ridden by G. Noble, and beating Peggy, Sir Abstrupus, colt by Ebbertson, dam by Margrave, Inheritress, and filly by Physician, out of Young Duchess, who ran in as their names are given. At Richmond, Nutwith won the Wright Stakes by half a length, ridden by N. Wetherell, and beating Wee Pet (2), Peggy (3), Semiseria (4), and the following not placed—Trueboy, Inheritress, Ravensworth, Sir Abstrupus, filly by Physician out of Young Duchess, and filly by Liverpool out of Twinkle. 3 to 1 agst. Nutwith.

In 1843, Nutwith ran second to Prizefighter for the Great Yorkshire Stakes at York, Nat third, and the following not placed—Gamecock, Carysfort, Hippona, Martingale, Merry Andrew, Ravensworth, What, Quebec, and Reviewer: won by a head after a very severe race between the two; 4 to 1 agst. Nutwith. At Doncaster, Nutwith won the St. Leger, ridden by Marson, beating Cotherstone (2), Prizefighter (3), and the following not placed—Aristides, Mania, Trueboy, Reviewer, Dumpling, and colt by Sultan or Beiram out of Lucetta: won by a head, after a very severe race between the three placed. 100 to 6 agst. Nutwith. At Richmond, Nutwith ran third for the Easby Stakes, Semiseria winning

by a head, and The Cure beating Nutwith by half-a-dozen lengths for second place; Epilogue also started. Even on Nutwith. On the second day, at Richmond, Nutwith ran second to Alice Hawthorn for the Gold Cup; Sally also started: won by a length, after a severe race. 3 to 1 agst. Nutwith. These are the whole of his performances up to the present time; the gross amount of his winnings as under:—

In 1842—At Ripon, a Stake, value	- - - -	£ 70
At Richmond, do. do.	- - - -	155
In 1843—At Doncaster, St. Leger, value	- -	3100
Total	- - - - -	£3325

Of the portrait itself we think it almost needless to say anything—the name of the artist is a sufficient guarantee of its being taken from life by a master hand, who has long and enthusiastically studied his subject: to the connoisseur it would be a task of little difficulty, on the name of an established man being given him, to point out his favorite scenes or animals; and as he would associate Landseer with the dog, so would he at once couple Herring with “the high-mettled racer.” All, then, the spectator has to do, as he looks on our print, is to call for his wishing cap, and straight-way fancy himself in the crack’s box at Middleham, with honest Bob Johnson at his side, zealously expatiating on and directing his attention to the many good points in the wiry form of the winner of the St. Leger.

CRAVEN.

## ENGLISH TURF STATISTICS.

TABLE OF MATCHES, 1843.

Meeting.	No. of Matches.	Run.	Forfeits.	Dead heats.
Ascot.....	1	1	0	0
Bath .....	1	1	0	0
Catterick Bridge .....	1	1	0	0
Croxton Park .....	5	4	1	0
Doncaster .....	2	2	0	0
Epsom .....	1	1	0	0
Goodwood .....	7	4	2	1
Gorhambury .....	1	1	0	0
Hampton A. ....	1	1	0	0
Lewes .....	1	0	1	0
Newmarket .....	96	55	37	4
Tewkesbury .....	1	1	0	0
Warwick .....	1	1	0	0
York .....	1	1	0	0
Total .....	120	74	41	5



*Comparative Table of the Results of twenty-three of the principal Race-meetings in England.*

MEETING.	No. of Stakes.		Horses started.		Amt. of Stakes.	
	1842—1843.	1843—1844.	1842—1843.	1843—1844.	1842—1843.	1843—1844.
Ascot.....	27	29	142	181	9035	1150
Bibury.....	6	7	22	38	1115	1300
Coventry.....	4	4	22	33	375	427
Croxton Park.....	8	9	51	40	972	1397
Doncaster.....	22	21	104	107	13268	13095
Eglinton Park.....	16	17	62	69	1845	1955
Epsom.....	15	16	132	152	9605	8290
Goodwood.....	28	34	174	221	20075	19009
Manchester.....	15	15	48	63	1590	1770
Newcastle.....	17	16	79	84	3748	3100
Newmarket Craven.....	29	27	89	86	10040	9534
Newmarket First Spring.....	31	26	102	77	9175	8455
Newmarket Second Spring.....	12	9	46	43	1245	1055
Newmarket July.....	12	6	49	28	2325	1500
Newmarket First October.....	12	9	35	42	3345	2580
Newmarket Second October.....	25	22	122	125	5120	10010
Newmarket Houghton.....	36	40	147	210	6570	7090
Pytchley Hunt.....	4	5	19	14	505	555
Southampton.....	7	7	33	35	1040	704
Stockbridge.....	4	3	14	16	1525	1300
Warwick Spring.....	7	4	30	22	565	480
Warwick Autumn.....	13	14	55	58	1770	2515
Winchester.....	6	4	19	15	510	1385

The following is a list of the principal noblemen and gentlemen who have started race horses during the last season, with the number of times they started, the number of times they have won, and the gross value of the stakes, as nearly as it can be ascertained :—

	No. of horses.	Started.	Won.	Gross value.
Duke of Richmond.....	12	59	14	£5 045
Duke of Bedford.....	9	33	11½	1,575
Duke of Rutland.....	4	31	6½	1,925
Duke of Grafton.....	3	—	—	—
Lord Exeter.....	18	92	20	4,255
Lord Westminster.....	8	24	9	1,615
Lord Chesterfield.....	19	63	17*	7,088
Lord Eglinton.....	9	65	21½	5,766
Lord G. Bentinck.....	27	119	33	14,500
Lord Stradbroke.....	3	14	8	2,131
Lord Glasgow.....	6	21	2	1,950
Lord Miltown.....	5	36	5	1,485
Lord Maidstone.....	3	10	6	400
Lord Albemarle.....	8	13	4	735
Sir G. Heathcote.....	9	27	4	1,290
Col. Anson.....	10	27	7½	5,755
Col. Peel.....	14	62	26	13,932
Col. Cradock.....	5	22	9	1,980
Hon. G. Ongley.....	4	26	8	655
Mr. Bell.....	6	25	8	925
Mr. Bowes.....	2	11	8	13,830
Mr. Cooke.....	6	26	8	810
Mr. Ford.....	6	17	3	2,950
Mr. Forth.....	6	16	4	3,240
Mr. Gregory.....	4	16	7	2,040
Mr. Herbert.....	3	5	2	1,245
Mr. Meiklam.....	6	38	14	3,630
Mr. Merry.....	7	27	8	864
Mr. Payne.....	6	25	8½	2,867
Mr. Thornhill.....	7	19	4	2,100

\* Including two divisions.

The total gross amount of stakes run for in 1843 is £186,471, divided among 1,460 horses. The greatest amount won by any one horse is £13 790, won by Mr. Bowes' Cotherstone. The horse who has won most frequently is Mr. Plummer's Alice Hawthorne (the successor of t'ould mare Beeswing), who has won 18 times out of 26. The value of the stakes were £2,145, besides cups, &c., the value of which cannot be correctly stated. This extraordinary mare has won no less than 5 cups and 9 Queen's plates during the last season. It is computed that each race horse costs at least £2 a week; the amount of money, therefore, expended last season in the support of race horses is no less than £151,840, besides entering for stakes, paying jockies, and other incidental expenses.—[We have received the foregoing from a correspondent, who, we presume, includes the winners' stakes in the sums given.—ED.]

*Comparative Table of gross amounts run for during the last seven seasons.*

1837 .....	£139 078	1841 .....	£155,858
1838 .....	132 299	1842 .....	155 877
1839 .....	141,246	1843 .....	163,934
1840 .....	145 864		

*Comparative Table of the success of the get of thirty-two of the most celebrated sires of the present day.*

STALLIONS.	1840.	1841.	1842.	1843.
Bay Middleton .....	—	2,330	7,382	10,045
Bran .....	—	148	5,059	951
Camel .....	£4,965	£7,347	£6,632	£2,954
Colwick .....	—	2,120	5,940	149
Defence .....	2,020	2,538	3,600	1,770
Els .....	—	500	1,435	3,291
Emilius .....	3,972	3,274	4,208	5,172
Glauco .....	2,325	3,085	1,965	1,614
Glencoe .....	4,040	780	490	—
Gladiator .....	—	—	2,275	4,540
Jerry .....	—	—	3,321	1,167
Jerred .....	—	—	585	2,815
Langar .....	6,018	6,390	5,783	1,899
Liverpool .....	3,110	4,593	2,440	2,492
Muley Moloch .....	1,172	3,500	5,146	9,342
Pantaloon .....	1,857	9,310	725	407
Physician .....	4,917	2,010	2,560	4,670
Plenipotentiary .....	1,010	3,306	2,755	3,070
Priam .....	9,451	3,643	1,077	1,184
Sadler .....	1,799	5,284	4,144	3,150
St. Nicholas .....	2,469	4,594	710	235
St. Patrick .....	2,213	2,260	946	707
Sir Hercules .....	4,886	7,246	5,291	3,966
Sheet Anchor .....	860	540	3,419	2,246
Sultan .....	5,376	3,384	3,951	465
Slane .....	—	—	1,574	6,820
Taurus .....	4,090	9,538	3,482	875
Tomboy .....	1,010	594	2,186	4,309
Touchstone .....	—	300	9,530	20,454
Velocipede .....	2,985	1,586	3,901	10,230
Voltaire .....	2,895	7,274	6,048	2,425
Rockingham .....	—	—	785	2,204

## On Training the Race-Horse.

BY RICHARD DARVILL, VET. SURGEON.

*Resumed from the February Number of the "Turf Register," pag 73.*

I will now consider the horses as having arrived at the home stables to winter, as they do at different periods as the various meetings close up about the month of October. As the different horses arrive, they are to be classed off in their stables according to the condition they may be in, and the running properties they may each possess. The first class to notice are the craving ones, which are mostly found to be running in the summer as plate horses; they are four, five, and six years old, are of strong constitutions, and many of them have been much accustomed to strong work in their training; and in their running, they have often had to come heats of long lengths under high weights, as for example, in running for many of his Majesty's plates. Such horses, on their return to the home stables, are, many of them, drawn fine, in other words they are low in flesh; and most of them are stale in their constitutions, as also on their legs; and from so often removing their shoes and plates their feet are occasionally in a bad state; and from want of proper attention during the hot weather, their backs are sometimes also a little sore. Many of those craving horses that return in autumn to the home stables, are in this state or approaching to it; such, whether horses or mares, if happy by themselves, should be put into large loose boxes, so that they may put up flesh, and recover the tone and strength of such parts as may have suffered from the repeated exertions they may have undergone in training and running. When horses have thus suffered from one or other, or perhaps all of the above causes, they are not in a fit state, immediately on arriving at the home stables, to go out to exercise daily, throughout the winter, with the rest of the horses. It is the custom, and a very good one, from the 1st of October to the 1st of January, to winter the above horses in large loose boxes, or barn-like sort of stables; and if they are well managed in those places, they should be, by the time I have mentioned, in a fit state to go again into training, that is, they should be hearty, sound, and lusty.

Let us now make such remarks with regard to the attention necessary to be observed in regard to the loose box, in which a race horse has to stand, as will suffice for the arrangement of such loose boxes or stables generally. They should be thirteen feet by twenty, and ventilated as directed in a previous chapter [see vol. xiii. p. 194, T. R.]; the box being thoroughly dry, it should be plentifully supplied with good clean wheat straw; and be it ob-



served, that as, when a horse lies down in his box to rest himself, he mostly does it in the centre of his bed, it should therefore be made of good substance in this part. But, as horses get fresh from rest and good feeding, there are at times some among them, who, to amuse themselves, get into little tricks and habits which are annoying to a trainer; they stand back close to the sides of the box, and here rub their tails and tops of their quarters, and they knock, and kick, and bruise their hocks and feet, by kicking against the boards or walls. With a view to prevent a horse as much as possible from practising those habits, every time his bed is set fair, the sides of the box should, as it were, be banked up wide and high all round with plenty of straw, so that the horse cannot so readily get back to rub or kick the sides of the box; and if a horse is inclined to paw, and knock his bed about with his fore-feet, the fetters can be put on him. The first thing in the morning a boy has to do who looks after a horse in a box, is, when he goes in, to chain up his horse's head, at such a length as to admit of his feeding; he then gives him his corn, and while the horse is eating it the boy is to set fair his horse's bed; in commencing this, he is first to look about on the surface of the bed, to see where the horse may have emptied himself; he is also to feel about under the straw for the same purpose, and throw towards the door all the dung he can find; he is next to shake up the straw all over the box, leaving the greater part of it round the sides or walls; and any part of the straw in the centre appearing wet, from the horse having lately stoled on it, should be removed; there should be nothing allowed to accumulate here in the way of dung; the box, in short, to use a common stable phrase, should be mucked out twice a week. But on all such occasions there must be, previous to the horse being dressed, a sufficient portion of the bedding put back to the centre of the box, to allow of the horse having good foothold for it to stand safely on while being dressed. The boy having done these little matters, and swept out the stable, after putting on his horse's dressing muzzle, and having securely shortened the rack-chin, strips off his horse's clothes, and gives him a good dressing. This done, the horse is re-clothed, and his saddle put on, and a hood may be thrown over his quarters, while the boy is rubbing his horse's legs for a short time; after this, he sets fair the bed, and again sweeps out the stable. This being done, as the horse is not now supposed to be in training, his head is let down to the length of the chain, and a bit of hay, by way of amusing him, may be put in his rack or manger; the stable-door is now locked up, and the horse is left ready (all but bridling) to go out with the other horses, either before or after breakfast as the groom may direct, or as weather may permit. The horse, having been out and done his exercise, returns to his box; here he is dressed and attended to in every respect as in the morning; having done his corn, his hay is given to him. The boy should now take the precaution to remove every sort of implement out of the box; having put them away, he returns again, and lets down his horse's head, leaving him perfectly loose; and in walking away

from him he strips the hood off his quarters ; he then goes out, and safely locks the stable-door, leaving his horse to enjoy himself until the next stable-hour, when he is watered, dressed, and fed as at noon-day, and at the same time the other horses are that stand in the stall stables.

Unless the horses in boxes, as well as those in stall stables, are properly attended to during the winter, it is not to be expected that they will be in a fit state to go into training early in the spring. These are my reasons for entering so minutely into the practical detailed account of how such horses should be attended to, while they are standing during the winter months in loose boxes, as have to go out daily to exercise at the same time with other horses standing in the stall stables.

There is a method of wintering a horse in a loose place, which is to be had recourse to with such gluttonous horses as may, as we have already noticed, from the repeated races in which they have been engaged, have met with more than common abuse ; such horses, on arriving in autumn at the home stables, require some little preparing before they are turned into the loose places it is intended they shall winter in, as they are most likely very stale in themselves, as well as on their legs ; and if they should have plenty of flesh on them, but certainly not otherwise, it may be advisable to give them a couple or three doses of physic each to cool them. After the effects of the medicine are subsided, they should gradually be stripped of their standing clothes. Their feet, which are mostly in a bad state, should be examined and properly attended to once in three weeks. Horses, such as above described, being thus prepared, should, with a collar on each of their heads, be turned loose into a clean, well-littered, and well-ventilated loose place ; here they should each remain in what is called the rough, that is, there is no necessity for either dressing or exercising them ; they generally take care to give themselves quite enough of the latter to keep them in health, either by their walking, trotting, or, not unfrequently, cantering round their loose places. Such of those horses as may have been running in summer until late in the autumn should be allowed to remain at rest until the month of March, before they are taken again into training, as it is hardly to be expected they can be brought out in their best form before the end of May or beginning of June. Now, the main object to be attended to in the managing of horses in these situations is, to water them, to feed them, to set fair their beds at the accustomed stable-hours, and to pick out their feet once a day.

I should not have been thus minute in describing how horses ought to be treated in their loose places, but from the very negligent manner in which I have repeatedly seen them attended to in such situations, and this at no very distant period. As I have a pretty good reason to remember the careless treatment in the wintering of a horse in a loose place, I will, by way of example, here mention the sort of inattention I mean, as it happened to a horse I was at the time looking after when a boy.

The groom had ordered me to put my horse into a loose place,

and here he was kept in the rough during the winter. I fed and watered him at the usual stable hours, and put clean straw into his stable occasionally. My horse, therefore stood in his own litter, I think, for two or three months, until at last the stable became so insufferably hot, that, in the morning, when the door was opened, the fumes arising from the putrefaction of the accumulated manure issued forth as if from a boiler of hot water. The groom going with me on occasional mornings to look at the horse, I presume that he observed what I have above stated, and at last he no doubt saw the impropriety of allowing the stable to remain any longer in so unhealthy a state, as he ordered that it should be immediately cleaned out, and which I very well remember gave two or three of us boys a very long job. At the time the circumstance occurred to which I have been alluding, I was too young and too thoughtless to trouble myself more about my horse's feet, either in a stall stable or loose place, than the trifling orders of the groom obliged me to do, so that I neither picked out nor washed my horse's feet, that I remember, during the time he had been standing as I have above described; the consequence of which was, his feet were in a very bad state.

But the cause of horses' feet getting thus out of order, when they have been kept in the rough in such loose places as may not have been sufficiently often cleaned out, should not at all times be attributed to any want of attention on the part of the groom: such things more principally arise from unforeseen circumstances; as, for example, a strong constitutioned country plate horse, that may have been travelling from race to race during summer, and occasionally, perhaps, running three times a fortnight, such a horse's feet, on his arriving at the home stables late in the autumn, would be in rather a shattered state, from the circumstance of his shoes and plates having been so often removed, as to have occasioned the wall or crust of his feet to be much broken: in short, this used to be a very common occurrence. A horse arriving at home in the state we have here described, the training-groom considers, and very properly, that such a horse will not be in a fit state to go again into training before the month of March; he is also aware, that this same horse cannot be so well got fresh by standing in a stall stable, as he can by being put into a loose place. The horse being properly prepared, by being gradually stripped, and having, if not too low in flesh, as I before noticed, a couple of doses of physic given him, the groom orders him to be put into a large loose place, or barn-like sort of stable. Now, with the exception of the horse's feet being broken away, there may be nothing more the matter with him, unless, indeed, his back, perhaps, from the changing of saddles, may have been bruised, and become sore; the irritability of such a sore would be kept up from the heat and friction of the clothing; but, by the horse being turned stripped into a loose place to rest, the causes which occasioned the back being sore are removed, and the parts injured recover of themselves; and of this most grooms are aware, as they are also aware that the horse's feet will be sufficiently grown, and that there will be plenty of



horn to nail the shoes to in the spring. As regarded a horse's feet, this was all a groom ever troubled himself about; nor do I believe that smiths, in my juvenile days, knew anything more of the nature and component parts of horses' feet than grooms themselves; for, in their cleaning out horses' feet, they cut away the horn, very injudiciously, from all descriptions of feet, without even duly discriminating, so as to leave the horn of a weak, delicate foot untouched, or to remove a sufficient portion of it from a very strong one, with a view to aid, to a certain degree, the elasticity that may be required in the latter. Neither were smiths, at the time I have been alluding to, too careful in the forging, fitting, or nailing on of horses' shoes. Indeed, such things as regard the treatment of horses' feet, and the shoeing of them, can be known well only by such men as have become familiar with horses, from their being brought up with them very early in life, and having, in due time, qualified themselves by attentive study at the Veterinary College, where they have had the opportunity, as well as the inclination, industriously to employ themselves in practising in the right sort of school, so as to obtain a good ground-work, or thorough knowledge, on the subject of all such matters as concern not only the treatment of horses' feet and shoeing, but also the treatment of the various diseases to which horses are subject, either local or constitutional. But to return to the groom.

Now, it is not to be expected that this man can possibly be well acquainted with all the minute practical matters we have been making mention of. In truth, a training-groom's attention is principally absorbed in considering the constitutional health of the horse; the object the groom is looking forward to, is to have the horse hearty, with a sufficient portion of flesh on him, and cool and clean on his legs, by the time he is wanted to be again taken into training in the spring; the groom, perhaps, never once thinking, that as the horse's frogs were sound when he was put into the loose place, it would be needful to pay any further attention to his feet until the time arrived for his being shod, when, on examining the horse's feet, at the end of three months, it is mostly found that they are, from want of being repeatedly attended to, in a very diseased state, the frogs of them occasionally being so undermined, as to have little or no horny substance left, and the feet in all probability much contracted. These are generally the bad effects arising from horses' feet being neglected, at the time of their standing in the rough in such loose places as are not sufficiently often cleaned out, and which may in some instances be the case even up to the present day. Let us, by way of example, suppose, that two or three craving horses have returned from their summer's running to the home stable of a racing establishment, and that those horses, to put up flesh and get fresh, are put to stand, for the period already mentioned, in loose stables, either in their clothes and regularly dressed, or stripped and kept in the rough, whichever may be thought, according to circumstances, to be the most advantageous. The last-mentioned way of keeping those craving horses that may have been more abused than others, is to be pre-

ferred, to their going out every day to exercise, and returning to stand in the small usual-sized loose boxes. These stale horses will benefit more by standing constantly, for three or four months, in large barn-like sort of stables, than in the loose boxes, as the coldness of the air in such situations braces up their muscular system, if they are not inclined to give themselves, in ranging about, too much exercise in such places.

Let us now make a few remarks regarding another sort of treatment of such horses as may have to winter in loose places. It was formerly the custom with training grooms, and it may most likely be practised by many of them up to the present time, to give their horses, on their having done their running in the autumn, three doses of physic each, with an interval of a week or eight days between each dose; this was formerly a standing rule with those men, without their duly considering the state of each horse's condition; and again three doses more were given to them, either about the end of February or beginning of March, depending on the time such horses might have to come to post in the spring. This method of indiscriminately physicking horses ought to a certain extent to be done away with. Yet, I am fully aware that race horses, generally speaking, cannot be brought to post in their best form, without having physic administered to them as occasion may require. But such artificial means may be dispensed with almost altogether, particularly in the autumn: for it is at this season of the year (the autumn) that many such horses as we are alluding to are drawn fine, (light of flesh); and notwithstanding that they may be stale in themselves, and also on their legs, there will be no occasion to physic such horses to the extent we have alluded to. The few of them, such as may be gross and fleshy, with their heels perhaps a little cracked, may require a couple of doses of physic, on their being laid by; but only under such circumstances can physic be of any use. Stale horses are no sooner laid by in loose places, to eat, drink, sleep, and enjoy themselves, for three or perhaps four months, than from this sort of indulgence they soon put up flesh; and by the gentle exercise they take in those places, they soon get fresh in themselves, and cool and clean on their legs, without their having so much physic administered to them.

We will now lay down some few plain rules as to the manner of feeding the above horses, which are supposed to have been stripped and laid by in the rough, with an old collar on each of their heads. These horses are to be fed and watered at the usual stable hours; and from their having been living so long on the most nutritious dry food, as plenty of the best of corn, there may be some of them a good deal heated in their constitutions; therefore, to gradually cool them, and keep their bodies of a proper temperature, as also to prevent them from becoming too costive, we will at first give them some mixed food, which shall consist of three parts;—of oats, say a quartern; one double handful of bran; one of clean sliced carrots; and the other of chaff, cut from the very best of hay only. This may be considered a large feed, but I

know it to be a wholesome one. The portion of corn will be quite sufficient to nourish the horse's system, on his first being laid by; the bran will cool and keep the bowels in a good state; the carrots are sweet, nutritious, and easy of digestion, and race horses are very fond of them; the chaff is also nutritious, and causes the horse to masticate thoroughly the corn he eats. But if those sort of horses are plentifully fed on corn alone, on their first being laid by, it will be very likely to keep up that degree of heat and costiveness to which some of them are subject on their returning from a summer's running; therefore, let them take their usual quantity of hay, with the above-mentioned manger food, and they will eat less of their litter, and, from the succulent matter contained in the carrots, will be inclined to drink less water. Oil cake is very nutritious, we allow, and may be very well to fatten oxen upon, but the manger food, above recommended, we consider much more natural for horses. Should any one horse appear more costive than another, a mash of equal parts of scalded bran and oats may be given him once or twice a week, to keep his bowels in a good state. Those sort of horses, kept as we have here advised, will not only put up flesh, but they will be less subject to inflammatory attacks, either local or constitutional. Still, the progress of each horse's putting up flesh should be duly observed; if a horse is found to get very quickly into a plethoric state, it may be advisable to bleed such horse, to the extent of four or five quarts, (depending on his age, size, and constitution), to prevent him from going wrong in any way; indeed, it was the custom among grooms (when I was a boy) to bleed their horses a fortnight or three weeks after they had been laid by, from extreme labor, to enjoy that of extreme indulgence. They bled those that put up flesh quickly, to prevent them from falling amiss; and those that did not thrive as readily as they could wish, they bled rather sparingly, with a view to improve their condition; and as the practice of bleeding horses on such occasions is a rational one, I would recommend its still being adhered to, whenever it may be considered necessary; the quantity of blood taken may be from three to five quarts, depending, as I have just observed, on the age, size, constitution, and condition of the horse.

With regard to the second class, the hearty horses, (the treatment of which is stated in the following chapter), those that are valuable good runners, feed well, and are content to be alone without ranging too much about, will do well in boxes, either dressed and clothed, and going daily to exercise, or stripped and kept in the rough, whichever the training-groom may consider they will benefit the most by. As these horses are not so gluttonously inclined as those which were first described, and are lighter in their carcasses, they may have corn alone given them; and if at any time they become costive, or, indeed, to prevent their being so, they may have bran mashes given them, as occasion may require.

As these horses take less work in training, consequently, on their return to the home stables, in autumn, they will not require the artificial aid of physic, until they go again into training in the

spring, unless they may have become stale in themselves and on their legs, by repeated running, and then a couple of doses to commence with will be sufficient, keeping a dose or two in reserve, until they have done a certain portion of their work.

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ROYAL SPORTSMEN,  
ON THE TURF AND IN THE FIELD.

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BY LORD WILLIAM LENNOX.

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"Here is a card, and a sheet list of the running horses, names of the royal and noble sportsmen."—*Venders of Dorling's Lists.*

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"By chase our long-liv'd fathers earn'd their food,  
Toil strung the nerves."—DRYDEN.

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THE origin of horse-racing in England is difficult to ascertain; Henry the Second, who was fond of hunting, is recorded to have been a patron of the turf, as some races took place at Epsom during this accomplished monarch's reign. From 1189 to the days of Henry the Eighth no mention is made of racing. We, however, find this royal Giovanni patronizing the meetings at Chester and Stamford, where the prizes were valueless, excepting for the honor of the affair, being merely small wooden bells ornamented with flowers.

James the First, despite of his feeble temper and overwhelming vanity, so far gave his sanction to the turf, that race-courses were laid out at Newmarket, Croydon, and Enfield chase, and silver bells were substituted for the former wooden ones. Jesse tells us that the king's "principal source of amusement was in the chase, from which he ever derived the keenest gratification." He also gives two amusing anecdotes of His Majesty's indifferent horsemanship: upon one occasion he was thrown headlong into a pond; and upon another, cast through the ice into the New River, where nothing but the royal boots were visible, and from which awful situation he was saved by Sir Richard Young. The cock-pit too was a favorite haunt of *Queen Jamie*, as the lampooners of that day styled him.

The civil wars, during the reign of the unfortunate Charles the First, occupied too much of that monarch's time to enable him to devote himself to the sports of the turf. Nevertheless we find that ill-fated sovereign devoted to hunting, and it was to enjoy that sport in perfection that he extended the New Park at Richmond to its present size. "In the month of June, Richmond Palace was prepared for the king's reception, but he refused to go thither." In August, however, of that year, the Prince Elector and the Duke



of York hunted with His Majesty in the New Park, and killed a stag and a buck; and the chronicler adds, "His Majesty was very cheerful, and afterwards dined with his children at Syon."

The fanatic Cromwell,\* during his protectorship—which was anything but a bed of roses—encouraged the breed of horses. The fame of his equerry's flyer, *Place's White Turk*, is well known in the annals of ancient sporting. The Protector, too, was fond of hunting, and frequently followed the diversion at Hampton Court, surrounded by his body-guard.

After Cromwell came Charles the Second, and from this period horse-racing may date the importance which it has ever since maintained in England. The merry monarch re-established the races at Newmarket, which had first been instituted by his grandfather, and which had been interrupted by the Roundhead Cromwell.† Charles also established the system of giving prizes of value, and was the donor of the first cup on record—a silver one, of the value of 100 guineas. The era of thorough-bred horses may be said to have commenced under the reign of this "laughter-loving king." His stud contained some magnificent Arabian stallions; and the Master of the Horse, Sir Christopher Wyvill, was despatched abroad in search of some thorough-bred mares, which upon their arrival in England were called the "royal mares." Reresby gives a brief notice of the manner in which Charles occupied his time at Newmarket. "He went to the cock-pit from ten till dinner-time, about three he went to the horse-races, at six he returned to the cock-pit." Pepys gives an account of one of the "easiest princes, and best bred man alive" debauches after a Hunting Party in 1667. In this reign we find Charles's eldest son, the ill-fated Duke of Monmouth, a distinguished member of the turf, and a most sporting character. In Dalrymple's memoirs, giving the progress of the Duke (then in the height of his popularity) through the disturbed districts, we read the following account of this extraordinary and wayward man:—"He entered into all country diversions, and, as he was of wonderful agility, even ran races himself upon foot; and when he had outstripped

\* Some of our readers may not be aware of the extent to which fanaticism was carried in those days. So wild and irrational were the pretended saints, that they were wont to substitute scriptural names in place of their Christian names. The Henrys, Williams, Charleses, &c., gave way to Ezekiel, Zachariah, and Obadiah. And Broome, in his "Travels in England," states that "sometimes a whole Godly sentence was adopted as a name." He gives the names of a jury in the county of Sussex about that time, which run as follow:—

Faint-not Hewit, of Heathfield.  
Make-peace Heaton, of Hare.  
Fight the-good-fight-of-faith White, of Emer.  
Kill-sin Pimple, of Witham.  
Meek Brewer, of Okeham.  
Grace-full Hardinge, of Lewes.  
More-fruit Fowler, of East Hardley.  
Return Spelman, of Watling, &c.

† While on the subject of the Roundheads, I cannot refrain from giving an anecdote, which occurred to me. "In the days when I went 'plating' a long time ago," I had a horse by Hampden, which had not inappropriately been named "Roundhead." This same steed was claimed at Hampton Races, by a country trainer. In less than a month I happened to meet the then owner, who, in talking of the horse, said, "Oh, I've changed his name." "Surely," I replied, "Roundhead was a good name for a son of Hampden." "Good!" rejoined my friend, "Round-ed! Vy, I never in all my life seed an 'orse with an 'andsomer 'ed. Lean and small, without being too long; for'ed narry, and a little conwex Nothingwotsumever round about it."

the swiftest of the racers, he ran again in his boots, and beat them though running in their shoes. The prizes which he gained during the day, he gave away at christenings during the evening." Jesse too, in his "Memoirs of the Court of England during the Reign of the Stuarts," gives the following account of the gallant Duke's exploits on the turf:—"In 1683 we find Monmouth distinguishing himself on a different field. On the 25th of February, in that year, was contested, in the neighborhood of the French capital, perhaps the most famous horse-race of modern times. Louis the Fourteenth had sent to different countries, inviting the owners of the swiftest horses to try their fortune upon that day. The plate, which he himself presented, was valued at a thousand pistoles, and the race-course was the plain d'Ech r, near St. Germain en Lai. The honor of England was sustained by the Duke of Monmouth, who carried away the prize in the presence of Louis and the French court."

James II., during the reign of bigotry and despotism, devoted a considerable portion of his time to the sports of the field, although he took little or no interest in the turf. In the "Court of the Stuarts," we find the following letter, written about two years before his flight:—"His Majesty to-day (God bless him!) underwent the fatigue of a long fox-chase. I saw him and his followers return, as like drowned rats as appendices to royalty ever did." And in Elis's "Correspondence," we read—"The king visits Richmond often, makes it his hunting quarter twice a week, and most commonly attends the queen thither with great civility." Putney Heath, and other places not far distant from London were the usual "meets."

In the reign of Queen Anne, an Arabian stallion, bought by the Duke of Berwick at the siege of Buda, and a bay Barb, presented by the Emperor of Morocco to Louis XIV., were sent to England, and obtained great celebrity. At this period the breeding of horses was apparently not so dear as it is in our days, for, according to the "Spectator," we find in 1711 the following notice:—

"A chesnut horse called C sar, bred by James Darcey, Esq., at Sedbury, near Richmond, in the county of York; his grandam was his old royal mare, and got by Blunderbuss, which was got by Helmsley Turk, and he got Mr. Courant's Arabian, which got Mr. Minshul's Jew's-trump. Mr. Darcey sold C sar to a nobleman (coming five years old, when he had but one sweat) for three hundred guineas. A guinea a leap and trial, and a shilling the man."

Anne was devoted to the chase: and in a letter from Swift to Stella, dated 31st July, 1711, the following appears:—"The queen was abroad to-day in order to hunt: but finding it disposed to rain she kept in her coach. She hunts in a chaise with one horse, which she drives herself, and drives furiously like Jehu, and is a mighty hunter like Nimrod." Again, in another letter, the dean writes:—"I dined to-day with the gentlemen ushers, among scurvy company; but the queen was hunting the stag till four this afternoon, and she drove in her chaise about forty miles, and it was five before we went to dinner."

George I., although averse to England and the English, and surrounded by a set of rapacious Germans, one of whom was appointed Master of the Buck-hounds, encouraged the breed of horses. When the "proud" Duke of Somerset resigned the post of Master of the Horse, which he had held under the reign of Queen Anne, the king, instead of nominating a successor, kept the place vacant, conferring the salary upon his uninteresting and antiquated sultana, the Duchess of Kendal.

George II. was fond of hunting, and during his reign races were patronised, and the breed of horses attended to.

We pass over the days of George III., who personally cared little for the turf, and bring our readers to the time of his son, George IV., who from an early period of his life to that of his death, took the deepest interest in it.

From the year 1784 to 1792, inclusive, the king, then Prince of Wales, was a winner to a large extent. To the sporting reader it is unnecessary to mention that the stakes in those times were nothing to be compared with those of the present day, and therefore the produce of the above-mentioned nine years will be deemed considerable. The Prince's winnings, prizes included, were as follow:—His Royal Highness won 185 races, including 18 King's Plates, 1 Derby, 2 Cups, 1 Claret, an Oatlands (worth nearly 3000 guineas), 1 July Stakes, a Lady's Plate, and sundry Jockey Club, Prince's, and Macaroni plates and stakes. Amount of winning, exclusive of the above-mentioned plates and stakes, 32,688 guineas. Of this period the years 1788 and 1792 were the most propitious; in the former the Prince won £4000 and a Derby, in the latter £7,700—out of which Whiskey, by Saltram, won 4,650 guineas; Cleopatra, by Saltram, won 1550 guineas; and Queen of Sheba, by Saltram, won 900 guineas.

1791 was the celebrated "Escape" year, and it is strange that both the horse and its royal master should have had such narrow escapes, and if we were to carry the metaphor further, from the same cause—the *legs*. Some of our readers may not be aware that this horse was bred by the Prince of Wales, and was purchased, when a yearling, at the first sale of his stud in 1786, by Mr. Franco. One night his trainer went into the stable, and found that he had kicked through the stall, and had entangled one of his legs between the boards; by good care and management he was released without sustaining any injury; the trainer hastened to inform Mr. Franco of the circumstance, exclaiming, "what a wonderful escape!" After listening to all the particulars, the owner named him "Escape." In 1789, the Prince repurchased the horse from Mr. Franco for £1500, and two years afterwards "the event," which created considerable excitement at the time, came off. We pass over the second *escapade*, and Chifney's explanatory pamphlet, not wishing to rake up by-gone deeds: thus much we may say that there certainly can be no doubt that there are many instances on record of different horses beating each other alternately over the same course; with this remark we leave the affair (as the players say) to the discrimination of an enlightened British public.

After a lapse of seven years, his Royal Highness again appeared on the turf; "the ruling passion" was as strong as ever, although he still refrained from visiting Newmarket, indignant at the treatment he had there received. In 1805 a numerous meeting of the members of the Jockey Club was held at Brighton during the races, and the circumstances attending the Prince's secession from Newmarket were fully entered into. The result was the following, which was carried unanimously.

"May it please your Royal Highness,—The members of the Jockey Club, deeply regretting your absence from Newmarket, earnestly entreat the affair may be buried in oblivion; and sincerely hope that the different meetings may again be honored by your Royal Highness's condescending attendance."

This document was signed by the members present, and submitted to the prince, who received it most graciously, and in his Royal Highness's reply signified his intention of assenting to it. From that time, however, we believe the Prince never carried his intentions into effect.

During this period of seven years, from 1800 to 1807, inclusive, his Royal Highness won 107 races, including 9 King's plates, 2 cups, 4 Oatlands, 3 Cravens, besides the Woburn, Petworth, Pavillion, Somerset, Egremont, and Smoker stakes. Amount of winning, exclusive of the above stakes and plates, 10,295 guineas. Of this period, 1807 seems to have been the Prince's most fortunate year, as far as public money was concerned. For we find his Royal Highness a winner of 25 races, including the Petworth and Somerset stakes, and the gold cup at Brighton, the Craven and October Oatlands at Newmarket, and the Welter at Bibury. Amount of winning, exclusive of the above stakes and plates, 3,995 guineas.

From 1807 there was a long chasm to 1827, when we again find the Prince, as King of England, patronising the turf. But the royal star was not in the ascendancy, for from that year until 1830 we only see his Majesty's name as winner of 21 races, including 2 Goodwood and 3 other cups, 3 King's plates, 2 Oatlands, 2 Cravens, the Swinley, Windsor Forest, Somersetshire stakes at Bath, and Royal stakes at Ascot (9 subscribers, 100 sovs. each.) Amount of winning, exclusive of the above, 1,645 guineas.

Taking the entire period of twenty years that his Majesty was upon the turf, we find the following results, independent, as a matter of *course* (we mean no pun), of private bets:—His Majesty won 313 races, including 1 Derby, 30 King's plates, 10 cups, 7 Oatlands, 5 Cravens, 1 Claret, &c., &c. Amount of winning, exclusive of the above stakes and plates, 44,628 guineas. Add to this the average value of the plates and stakes won, say 13,000 guineas, and the "tottle of the whole," as a worthy M.P. calls it, would be 57,628 guineas.

The sailor-king, William the Fourth, although not fond of racing, patronized Ascot, and encouraged sport by giving a grand annual dinner to the members of the Jockey Club. Queen Victoria has also contributed much to the success of the turf, by giving an in-



creased number of royal plates, by honoring Epsom with her presence, accompanied by her illustrious consort, and by attending Ascot, and having Windsor Castle full of company during that meeting. It is a gorgeous sight to see St. George's Hall arranged for a large banquet, and a party of a hundred sitting down to dinner, served with as much attention and comfort as if it were only "a round table of eight." The Queen, too, and her illustrious consort, seem to take a great interest in the sports of the field, for we find that the newspapers have lately teemed with the following paragraph:—

"Since her Majesty has possessed her admirable little pack of beagles, her Majesty has been prevented from hunting with her Lilliputian and highly-bred pack during great portions of the regular season. This year, however, her Majesty has signified her intention to hunt with the royal beagles occasionally, in the Great Park, Mr. Maynard having received his royal mistress's commands to this effect. The little pack has had several beautiful trial runs within the past ten days, and it is now in first-rate condition. When her Majesty takes the field, bagged hares will always be at hand, in order to insure sport in the event of not being successful in an early find. The Queen, it is well known, is an excellent rider."

In addition to this, we find accounts of Prince Albert's sport with the harriers, in the neighborhood of Windsor; as also a description of his Royal Highness's prowess in the fields of Leicestershire during her Majesty's late visit to Belvoir Castle. The Queen, too, seems to take the greatest interest in the "noble science," having upon two occasions attended the "meets" of the Belvoir Hounds, during her Majesty's short *sejour* in Leicestershire.

Before we conclude this subject, we may mention the names of the most celebrated horses imported by our ancestors with a view to improve their breed. "Turkish:—The Helmsley Turk, Place's White Turk, Lister Turk, Byerley Turk, D'Arcy's White Turk, D'Arcy's Yellow Turk, Selaby, Honeywood Arabian, Belgrade Turk. From the coast of Barbary:—Dodsworth, Greyhound, with his sire (Chillaby), and dam (Moonah), Curwen's Bay Barb, the Thoulouse Barb, the Compton Barb."—*Osmer's Treatise on the Horse*.

With regard to our continental neighbors, we find that Louis XIV., despite of his bigoted feelings and inordinate ambition, was fond of the chase, and lays claim to a place among the royal sportsmen; for we find, in "James's Life and Times" of this monarch, the following passage:—"The mornings of many of the king's days, after the business of the state was over, were passed either in inspecting public works, &c., &c., or else in the manly sports of the field, in which he was extremely prompt and dexterous. It happened, indeed, that more than once Louis saved himself, and the ladies who generally accompanied him, from the rage of the stag or boar, rendered furious by the dogs, through his skill and presence of mind."

According to a celebrated French writer, the taste, or rather the passion for horses, which ceased with the age of tournaments, revived about the middle of the last century, and it was about that period that the first attempt at racing after the English manner took place in France. This was brought about by a bet being laid by an Englishman that he would ride from Fontainebleau to the *Barriere des Gobelins* in two hours; our countryman won it by some minutes. The following year, a French seigneur, upon his return from England (where Louis XV. declared he had only been to learn to dress horses) established some races in Paris, and tried to continue them periodically, but the project failed, and it was not until some years after, that regular meetings were established at Vincennes. Since that period racing has made a wonderful stride in France, and although we do not go the lengths of the author above quoted, that in due course of time they (the French) may perhaps breed horses to "flog" us (as the Yankees say), we are most willing to award them all due credit for the great improvement they have made in their breed and management of horses, and for their advancement in the sports of the field and upon the turf.

London Sportsman for January, 1844.

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## ON TRAINING THE RACE-HORSE.

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BY COTHERSTONE.

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*Resumed from our last Number, page 98.*

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How ruinous the rock I warn thee shun,  
Where sirens sit to sing thee to thy fate!  
A joy which in our reason bears no part  
Is but a sorrow tickling ere it stings.  
Let not the cooings of the world allure thee—  
Which of her lovers ever found her true?  
Happy of this bad world who little know;  
And yet we much must know her, to be safe.

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## THE LIFE AND ATTRIBUTES OF A TRAINER.

There are few occupations in life more difficult to fill with repute than the one now under consideration. Independently of the experience necessary to bring all sorts of horses to the post in their best possible condition, a trainer, if he is expected to attain the higher gradations of his calling, must possess many qualifications which, in fact, are very seldom found to be concentrated in one individual, let his station in life be what it may. The temptations which will at times assail him on every side require that

he should be endowed with the strictest principles of honor and honesty.

“ O, how portentous is prosperity !—  
How, comet-like, it threatens while it shines !”

It is far more difficult to stem the current of prosperity, whensoever it may set in, than to combat with adversity, which teaches man to know himself. Shakspeare very truly says—

“ Sweet are the uses of adversity ;  
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,  
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head.”

In the racing world the vicissitudes and changes of fortune are often very great, and consequently require men of the strongest minds to withstand their effects ; for this reason so few have ever arrived at and maintained the higher stations of this dangerous and treacherous vocation.

It is scarcely possible to find, during any age, two such men as the great rivals of the north and south—John Scott and John Day. I introduce them here by way of exemplifying the fact, that they have arrived at and maintained a superiority in their art far beyond that which any other men have done ; this they have accomplished because they have been gifted with strength of mind superior to their fellows. It is not that their method of training has been better than that of some others—neither were they sent forth into the world with education beyond those in the same class of life ; but they both possess energies of body and mind, combined with practical experience, of a very superior degree. I could name one or two others who have had equal, if not greater, opportunities of mounting the ladder of eminence, and, indeed, who had at one time ascended to the summit, but I have no desire to wound the feelings of any man : I therefore refrain from inserting their names, because they could not preserve the station which they once acquired ; elated by success, they suffered themselves to be led away with an impression that it was to last for ever ; moreover, they thought that all who courted their society and flattered them in their prosperity were their friends, little dreaming that certain individuals whom they cherished were plotting how to transfer their wealth out of their hands.

“ Self-flattered, unexperienced, high in hope,  
When young, with sanguine cheer and streamers gay,  
We cut our cable, launch into the world,  
And fondly dream each wind and star our friend :  
All in some darling enterprise embarked—  
But where is he can fathom its event !  
Amid a multitude of artless hands—  
Ruin's sure perquisite, her lawful prize,—  
Some steer aright ; but the black blast blows hard  
And puffs them wide of hope : with hearts of proof,  
Full against wind and tide, some win their way ;  
And when strong effort has deserved the port,  
And tugg'd into view—'tis won, 'tis lost.”



Of the two, the duties of a private and those of a public trainer, the burden falls comparatively easy on the shoulders of the former. The care of the horses which he has to superintend, and the interest of one master only, are the subjects which he has to study ; but a public trainer has many employers to please and many interests to consult, which renders it in many instances a difficult, indeed often a very arduous task to perform, and at the same time to steer clear of the dangers which surround him. Too true it is that all men have their enemies, and those are the most dangerous who ingratiate themselves under the specious mask of friendship. A man having the management of several horses, the property of various parties, is constantly supposed likely to take advantage of the knowledge which he has unquestionably the power of acquiring, that of trying them together, and by withholding the result of his trials from the proprietors, evidently creates a feeling of dissatisfaction. Some gentlemen send their horses to public trainers, in preference to employing their own individual servants, for the express purpose of availing themselves of the opportunity which may offer of having them tried ; others again revolt at the idea ; nevertheless, if the latter happen to have a colt of any superior pretensions, it is most probable his merits will be ascertained "on the sly" in some way or other ; nor can a trainer be much blamed under such circumstances, and if he neglected to avail himself of knowledge which he can, in all probability, turn to his account without manifestly injuring any one, the term of fool would be more applicable to him than that of rogue.

The mind of a suspicious man is easily poisoned, and there are not wanting individuals ready enough to create dissatisfaction on the part of owners of horses, if they can turn their treachery to advantage. The eyes of the public are so constantly on the lookout to discover, if possible, the merits and condition of any horses that may be engaged in good stakes, that any *ruse* which a trainer may with great justice adopt to frustrate the objects which the impertinent curiosity of such persons not connected with the stable has in view, may not improbably, through the aid of falsehood, be turned very seriously to his disadvantage. It is often a difficult matter for the most conscientious to steer clear of calumny. If truth alone could be opposed to truth, the honest man would have nothing to apprehend, but it is too often the case that—

" Malice bears down truth."

There are no companions so dangerous for a trainer to become the associate of as the betting-men ; they will court his society, flatter him in every way, and ingratiate themselves into his confidence, from most ostensible and palpable reasons—those of acquiring information ; which if they cannot succeed in doing, they will be the first to circulate unfounded and malicious reports against the trainer, and it is impossible to determine to what extent those reports will prevail or the credit they may receive. It is not reasonable to suppose that an individual who will risk the sinking of his own character, will be very scrupulous about the reputation of

another, providing it suits his purpose to vilify his companion. They do not adopt these words of Dryden as their motto—

“ In my wretched case, 'twould be more just  
Not to have promised, than deceive your trust.”

It is not merely the fact of a man conscientiously performing his duty, and trusting to the reward of his own merit as evidence of his integrity, that will be sufficient to protect him from the malice of the world and the assaults of calumny. I do not mean to recommend him to practice hypocrisy, for that is one of the most hateful attributes that a man can possess, but he must bear in mind how applicable these lines are to his case—

“ Give me good fame, ye powers, and make me just ;  
This much the rogue to public ears will trust.”

Independently of the various duties of the stable, which it is the trainer's office to superintend, he has many others to perform, one of which—by no means an unimportant one, and which requires considerable tact and knowledge—is that of directing trials, for the sake of future reference and information, every trial should be entered in a book kept for the purpose, showing the weights, the manner in which it is run, and the result, with a column for miscellaneous remarks, such as the condition of any particular horse, his temper, or any other circumstance that may attract notice at the time he is tried ; such memoranda will be found exceedingly useful, especially where there are many horses to attend to, as it is impossible that any man can charge his memory with such multitudinous events as must of necessity occur to him ; neither is it necessary that he should impose such a task upon himself, when he can so readily and with so much accuracy disburden his mind from the weight, by the simple operation of writing a few lines. The result of the trials will dictate what engagements certain horses are best qualified to fulfil, and in dwelling upon this matter, much of the skill, knowledge, and judgment of both owner and trainer will be developed ; as of course the opinion of the owner will on such important case makes the election, still it will in all probability be considerably biased by the trainer's observations.

If the entering of horses for their various engagements, the declaring forfeit, and such like operations, devolve upon the trainer, it is necessary also that he keep a book in which he makes a verbatim copy of every entry ; even Messrs. Weatherby, as well as the rest of the world, are liable to mistakes, and it gives a man great confidence if he can turn to his book, find it to be correct, and implicitly declare that it is a true and faithful copy of the entry sent to the constituted authorities. One arrangement, however, should be distinctly made—whether the master or the trainer is to enter the horses ; if one does it on one occasion, and the other on the following, there will eventually be some mistake, as, the one depending upon the other, neither will make the entry, until, the

stakes having closed and the nominations are advertised, the omission will be detected.

A list of stakes to which every proprietor of race-horses is a subscriber, should be made out, with a column of the date when the respective stakes close. This should be in the hands of whomsoever the duty of entering may be imposed upon. It is a very common case for a gentleman to subscribe to stakes and cups at race ordinaries, and think no more about them; when, if not reminded by the *Calendar*, which may be overlooked, he has the mortification of having the stake or forfeit to pay, when perhaps he may have a horse that could have won had he been entered in time. Before railways and vans afforded the facilities for travelling which they now do, owners of horses and trainers, like the learned gentlemen of the wig and gown, confined themselves principally to certain districts or circuits, beyond which they seldom trespassed. The hope of winning a Leger would operate like the loadstone upon the needle, and attract the Newmarket and south country men to the north; and, as a return, the Derby and Oaks at Epsom, with some of the great stakes at Newmarket, Goodwood, and a few such places, would prove attractions to the Yorkshiremen, and those farther north, to try the superiority of their tits and of their training; but now, with a few exceptions, things are wonderfully changed; and we find, especially at those towns which are on the lines of the railways, horses and "men from all parts and places," such are the facilities of travelling.

We still, however, find a few of the steady old patrons of the turf—its lasting and best ornaments, the pride of England's aristocracy—confining themselves to the races in the immediate neighborhood of their estates: thus the list at Chester, Manchester, Newton, Liverpool, Wolverhampton, Oswestry, Shrewsbury, and Holywell, are seldom wanting the highly respected names of Lords Westminster, Derby, and Stanley, Sir Thomas Stanley, Hon. E. L. Mostyn, with Mr. F. R. Price, and one or two others. Mr. Isaac Day generally keeps to his old beat in the vicinity of Northleach, such as Bath, Cheltenham, Oxford, Goodwood, &c.; where he has, till the last year or two, generally managed to skim a good portion of the cream. Formerly we were accustomed to find his horses at some of the meetings in the principality of Wales, but he appears to have given them up as "dull, stale, and unprofitable." Indeed, those meetings appear to be pretty nearly abandoned by the trainers to the few resident gentlemen who keep horses. With the exception of a man named Oseland—who can scarcely come under the denomination of a trainer, as he combines with it the occupation of farming, and also did, or does now for aught I know to the contrary, couple the business of a butcher to his other employments—no other person seems disposed to interfere in that district. This is the more to be wondered at, as all the horses are most execrably trained. The skill of a rough, ignorant stable boy, who would not be deemed, in a hunting stable in England, sufficiently experienced to take more than a helper's place, is considered to be capable of training and managing the

stud of a Cambrian squire. Jones, of Prestbury, was formerly seen busily engaged at some of the meetings on the borders; he however, like Mr. Isaac Day, confines his route to his own immediate neighborhood. If the strictest punctuality and attention, with the greatest care that a man can bestow, would enable all horses to run, Jones would have a stable full of flyers; but he has not been fortunate in having good materials to work upon, and no human being can make horses run if they have not got it in them; no trainer can take more pains with his horses, or bring them to the post in more perfect condition than he does.

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#### WEIGHTS.

The effect of weight upon a race-horse is so universally acknowledged that it would be waste of time to enlarge greatly on the subject, beyond a few comments explanatory of the mode by which it is made to operate. It is well known that certain portions will bring the best and the worst upon an equality; that is, if the bad one can gallop a little; if not, it appears that no weight in reason will produce the effect: unless the animal which gives the weight can be taken along by the one receiving it, at a pace to extend his action, and thereby make the weight tell, it will have but a trifling effect; and from this cause weight does not produce the same consequences in the hunting-field as it does over a course; in the former, the stride of a horse is constantly being broken, and his action relieved by being pulled up, or at all events eased, on arriving at every fence. We find similar results in steeple-chasing, a more clear proof of which need not be sought for than in the case of Lottery. At Cheitenham a penalty of 17lb. additional weight was imposed upon him in consideration of his previous unparalleled success, but in defiance of the addition he won his engagement. It must here be observed, that the ground selected was of a nature similar to what is usually met with when riding to hounds—the fences of a diversified character, and somewhat numerous. At the Liverpool steeple-chase he again came to the post with 18lb. extra, on which occasion he was beaten a considerable distance. Now, it would be absurd to assert that the additional weight of one pound could have told with any visible effect, but a cause is readily found in the nature of the ground: having gone about a mile over fields, intersected by fences, the horses entered upon a portion of the training ground, which presented flat racing for a distance exceeding three quarters of a mile; having completed that, and gone again over the first mile, they entered the race-course, which was parallel with and of a similar nature to the training ground, where three quarters of a mile of flat racing was again to be encountered; thus there were two distinct opportunities of making the weight tell, and, as might be expected, it had its ordinary effect.

It is a matter worthy of consideration to reflect which is most desirable for a horse to carry, live or dead weight; and, if any,



what difference arises. In my opinion, a moderate portion of dead weight is more easily carried than all live weight, especially under certain circumstances; as, for instance, a great awkward fellow, ten or eleven stone, such as the majority of those gentlemen who are more qualified to exhibit at Croxton Park, rolling about in all directions, and pulling their unfortunate animal out of his stride every hundred yards, is much worse than a nine stone man, whose pretensions may not perhaps be very superior, with an addition to his own weight of two or three stone, properly distributed in heavy saddle-cloths and on the saddle. The custom of carrying weight by means of saddle-cloths is certainly an admirable one: by placing a portion on each side of the horse, where it must be carried perfectly steady, the weight is as it were divided; and it is wonderful what a man can stand under if the weight is properly distributed.

Dead weight, when properly arranged, rides perfectly steady; and I am certain that no jockey will attempt to maintain that either he or the horse are as comfortable when necessity compels the use of a three pounds saddle, as when one of a greater size can be allowed, by which the weight is more regularly sustained, and the seat of the rider more secure and steady.

I would not go to an extreme, and purposely select a seven stone jockey to ride twelve by means of carrying five stone of dead weight; but if I were compelled to resort to such an alternative, I should endeavor to divide it thus:—about twenty-one pounds in saddle-cloths, a fourteen pounds saddle, with a truss upon it of equal weight; there would then remain twenty-one pounds to be carried upon the jockey's body—quite as much as he could manage, without considerable inconvenience; if a rider is to be overwhelmed with such difficulties, they will operate very materially against him by impeding the free action of his limbs.

Those persons who may be put up to ride without having had sufficient practice in the art to enable them to sit very still, are evidently much more objectionable than almost any portion of dead weight, with a steersman possessed of a good seat, more especially if he equals the other in the two important attributes of hands and head.

If the improvement of our breed of horses be made a subject for consideration, it is evidently desirable that a high scale of weights be countenanced, and that higher than what are generally adopted. If the standing weights for the Goodwood Cup were to be taken as an example for all weights for age stakes, there is no doubt it would be found extremely beneficial on many points. It commences at 7st. 4lb. on three years old, and goes up to 9st. 12lb. on six years old and aged horses; these weights are not beyond what any horse deserving the expenses of training ought to carry, whilst the establishment of them would go farther towards the condemnation of weeds than the abolition of two-year-old stakes, or the re-adoption of the obsolete, long distances of four miles which were in vogue in the time of our grandfathers. There is not much cause for complaint at the weights generally found on

the best horses in handicaps, without which, in fact, the bad ones could have no chance; and as it is, they are seldom weighted light enough to allow them to win, unless they be of that class who have previously shown some running, or their true form has been disguised for the sake of getting them well in.

There is another very cogent reason why weights should be established upon a higher scale, which is that of being able to find jockeys to ride them; the disadvantage of putting up very light boys must be obvious to every one, and is not compensated by the allowance, especially on country courses, where the turns are frequently numerous and difficult to ride round.

London Sporting Review for January, 1844.

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### LIFE OF A FOX-HOUND, DICTATED BY HIMSELF.

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*Continued from the February Number, page 103.*

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AFTER my friend had left, I went out to look for Forester, and found him walking in the garden exceedingly angry, with the bristles up on his back like an enraged porcupine. I asked him if he would walk in and resume our labors. He said, "After the insult I have received, certainly not; and I recommend you to advise your friend, that the next time he comes to play off his nonsense with me, to put on a pair of stout boots and leather breeches, or perhaps he will find more holes through his skin than he wants to make use of."

He was some days before he got over it, when at length he said—"As you appear amused and pleased with my narrative, the only return I shall make for the comforts and indulgences I enjoy here is to resume the thread of it. I believe I left off by stating that the first morning's cub-hunting was fixed. As I had never witnessed anything of the kind, and had not the slightest conception of the nature of it, I listened with great attention to the observation of the Nestors of the pack. On one point I found all agreed, that was, that our kind and venerable Master knew more of the *science* of hunting, and did less mischief, than any one who had ever been out with them. Then (thinks I to myself) he will be my guide, and my study shall be to obtain his good opinion. No young beauty on being first brought out, no young Cornet on first joining his regiment, trembled with greater anxiety than I did when we heard the tramp of three horses in the dark come up to the kennel-door, and an order from L—t to let us out. Although so elated, every tongue was still: we ran in sportive circles around the horses, but the awful crack of the First Whip's thong kept all quiet. We jogged on for about three miles, when at the first blush of morn, as we entered a gate at the bottom of a large grass ground, we heard the slam of another gate at the top, and were

met in the middle of the field by our old Master, for be it understood a want of punctuality is never pardoned at Cottesmore.

“‘Am I to my time?’ said he.

“‘To a moment, my Lord.’

“‘Who has examined this covert?’

“‘The First Whip, my Lord.’

“Then turning to him, asked, ‘Where did you find the most billets?’

“‘In the next field, my Lord.’

“‘Very well: L—t, take them quietly there, and give the young ones an opportunity to see the old ones feel for the scent,

‘For easy the lesson of the youthful train  
When instinct prompts, and when example guides.’

“When we got into the middle of the ground, the old ones began to push and hustle each other, fling themselves about, and Chancellor threw his tongue. ‘Softly, Chancellor,’ said L—t, with a gentle crack of his whip; ‘you are as noisy as ever; we shall not endure it much longer.’ Seeing them all so busy, I poked my nose in among them, when I inhaled a scent that sent the blood tingling through my whole frame, and produced a momentary delirium. They had now carried it into the covert, and some of the favorites having acknowledged the scent, L—t gave them a cheer that awakened the echoes of the surrounding country. The Whips darted off, one to the right and one to the left; the lad who came with his Master, and who was intended to ride second horse next season, and had accompanied us to obtain a perfect knowledge of the country, was ordered to remain in the field as far from the covert as possible, and head short back every fox that made his appearance.

“As you say ‘the proper study of mankind is man,’ I was determined to follow up the hint and study attentively our Master’s wishes. I therefore left them and followed him. The body had now got up to their fox, and were driving him through the coverts with a crash resembling the rush of a herd of buffaloes. ‘They are in two parts, my Lord,’ said L—t; and, galloping up the ride, stopped one lot, and held them on to the other. The scent was good, and the morning warm; the pace began to tell on the foxes, for several crossed the rides with their mouths open. ‘How many are there in the covert, L—t?’ said His Lordship. ‘Certainly not less than three brace.’ ‘Very well; we must let the old one go if she will.’ He then galloped up to a corner that commanded two sides of the covert, and stood some distance back by the side of a low hedge, over which I could not see. He had not stood there long, when I observed him lie down on his horse’s neck, and at the same time heard the head Whip’s (who I shall now call William) thong go, when a signal from the Earl checked him, and beckoning to him, said, ‘It was the old vixen: as soon as these hounds that are coming up with the scent come out, stop them, and take them to L—t, who is at another in the middle of the covert.’ He did so, and we went into the ride, when L—t said,



‘My Lord, this cub is very much distressed; if they do not get one of the others up, for I think they have all dropped but this, they will soon kill him.’ They were pressing him most severely, when L—t, rising up in his stirrups, and listening most intently, exclaimed, ‘By G—d, they are out and pointing for the Scrubs.’ Luckily they bent to us, and came by us in the second grass field. ‘Look at my darlings, Levity and Welcome, at head,’ exultingly exclaimed the Earl. They carried it through the hedge into a piece of fresh-harrowed ground, and threw up. L—t took hold of them to feel down wind to the left, but His Lordship having observed old Dreadnought and Phœbe hanging on the line, exclaimed ‘Yo—o—o!’ when three couples of his favorites joined him, and, seeing these two at work, dropped in behind them, began to hitch, and shove, and whimper: ‘Here it is,’ said the Earl; ‘gently, Mr. L—t; don’t be in a hurry with a sinking fox.’ Now, thinks I, is my chance. I fell into the middle of them, and again enjoyed a scent that agitated my whole frame; so ecstatic was my delight, that I snuffled up the very earth with it. ‘Look at the puppy,’ said the Noble Master; ‘see how he enjoys it.’ I kept my eye on old Richmond, and whenever he flourished his stern, I joined him. When we got to where the harrows had recently worked, we were held forward to unstained ground, when the scent improving, the old ones spoke to it freely, and went forward to the hedge. L—t, who had covered all his ground to the left, was bringing the body across the middle of the next field, thinking to chop in before us: but Dreadnought, who went first through the hedge, and jumped the ditch on the other side, popped his nose down, and finding it was not over, dropped into the ditch, and went down it with a rush that made the briars crack. The others, more awake than myself, went jumping down the hedge side, looking in very earnestly, when just opposite me an animal like a great red cat came out of the ditch, and went by me down the hedge. A ‘tally-ho’ convinced me what it was, and at the next open place I dashed in, and caught him by the fore pad, and he returned the compliment by sending four of his teeth through my cheek. As my nose convinced me I had got hold of what we had been in pursuit of, I was determined not to let go; we rolled over each other two or three times, when the others coming up, and knowing *where* to take hold, gave him a pinch in the right place, when his jaw dropped, and he fell dead without a groan.

“On hearing the ‘who-whoop,’ L—t came up with the body, and taking the fox from a countryman who was holding him up, went through the usual ceremonies, and when he was thrown down, I then, all smarting with the wounds I had received, dashed in amongst them, got hold of a bit of him, which I never quitted till the other parts were torn away from it.

“‘Look how the Yarboro’ puppy worries,’ exclaimed the Earl: ‘you must take great care of him; he will make a splendid hound. Now, Mr. L—t,’ said he, ‘Let this be another lesson to you not to take your hounds off their noses with a sinking fox. You know I scratch a greyer head than you do, and in my time have seen

more foxes lost, that were booked safe to die, by that absurdity than any other : but for my steady line-hunting bunch, you would have left your fox behind you, and then have done as many others have done, said that the harrows had headed him back to the covert, gone there, and got up another, which, if you had the luck to kill, you would humbug the Field by persisting you had recovered and killed your hunted fox. I am sorry to remark that so much humbug is practised that will undermine the respectability of fox-hunting, in the same manner that trickery and knavery have driven many gentlemen and noblemen from the turf. 'There is a grandeur and magnificence about fox-hunting,' continued the Earl, 'that needs not the foreign aid of humbug. There are foxes and circumstances that will defeat the wisest Masters and wisest huntsmen, if they were really as wise as they fancy they are. If you are beat, and beat you will be at times, examine yourself well into the cause of it, and you will find, in nine cases out of ten, that you lost him by not paying attention to your line-hunting hounds, and do not make a peg of some of your best friends to hang your stupid blunder on. What will you say, Sir, when I tell you that I have seen a Master of Fox-hounds that hunted them himself, after putting his hounds into covert, gallop away from them under the pretence of a perfect knowledge of the run of foxes from that covert, blow his horn in a valley a mile off, *after he had shook out a bagman*? All the world are breeding for speed, but this day has again proved, what I have so often told you, that a *line-hunter is the fastest hound*. Heaven only knows the agony I endure when I perceive a hound flashing and flying about with his head in the air, or when I see a fellow with his mouth open screaming like a field-keeper. But where is William?

"While I was casting to the left, my Lord, he viewed another cub come out of the covert and go into the little spinny at the bottom, and as soon as he heard your Lordship's who-whoop he galloped away to the other side of it to hold him in if your Lordship should be disposed for another.'

"That was very judiciously done : but as the morning is very hot, with every probability of its becoming more so as the sun gets up, you had better blow for him, and take them home.'

"Then turning to the Second Whip, whom I shall call George, and who was a new one, said,

"I am sorry to observe, Sir, that you are cursed with a good voice, and very little sense in the use of it. I have heard a great deal too much of it this morning ; and the next time we go out, I shall give you a drill that I hope may be beneficial to you hereafter.'

"So saying, he slightly bowed, and the men moving their caps we toddled home.

"All the way on the road, my thoughts were deeply occupied on the lecture I had just heard given, and a great impression was made upon me by the remark that 'a line-hunter was the fastest hound.' I was very much surprised to find that a great many of my young friends cut me, and would scarcely hold communion

with me ; and after we had been fed, and I went on the bench to find a place to lie down, I was growled and snapped at by the two or three season hounds, and all the young ones ; when my old friend Dreadnought, who always kept his corner, said,

“ ‘ Come here, young one ; I see what is the matter : they are all jealous of the applause you have met with to-day. I know, among those senseless two-legged animals who are only created to find food and flesh for us, that *envy will follow merit like its shade* ; but the potent, grave and reverend seigniors of this establishment will not allow the high and distinguished character of a fox-hound to be degraded by imitating the vices of such inferior brutes.’ ”

“ Before he had finished, up jumped Chancellor, and began to bore us with a long lecture on the necessity of education to enable us all to read their works, ‘ that we might, by observing their vices, learn to avoid them.’ He said they had been well pointed out by an old poacher and deer-stealer, one Will Shakspeare, and a young one who went about with his shirt-collar undone as if he contemplated suicide. There was also one of the present day with a name something like the Latin for an ox, who was every month showing up the absurdities of the *genus homo*.

“ As we had had a hard day, I found all my companions asleep. I laid my head on Dreadnought’s back, but just before I dropped off, I turned my eye to Chancellor, and finding he was addressing an old bob-tailed tom-cat that sat on the beam, I closed my eyes and heard no more.

“ The following morning we were walked out for an hour or two, and when we returned I dropped down beside old Mentor, and told him that as I was extremely anxious to learn my business, would he be kind enough to answer such questions as I might put to him, and offer any observations his good sense might suggest ? He said ‘ I have often heard it remarked by that crowd of red and fiery-looking animals that come out on horses, the numbers of which will astonish you when we come into regular hunting, “ that the life of man is not long enough to obtain a thorough knowledge of fox-hunting,” and I perfectly agree with them ; for they never look at a hound, or think what they are about, and, blessed as we are with the superior faculty of smelling, have often considerable difficulties to encounter, and are not always successful. Cooper, in *The Prairie*, has beautifully shown our superiority. Hawk-eye and a party were sitting round a fire eating broiled venison, when old Hector threw up his head and gave a growl. “ I heard the stick crack,” said his master ; “ there is something moving above us in the forest.” “ I hope it is not a savage beast,” said the doctor and botanist, who was one of the party. “ What is it, old boy,” said his master. He held his nose to the wind for some time, then laid down his head and closed his eyes. “ It is a man,” said Hawk-eye, and immediately afterwards a fine young fellow stepped out in a hunting-shirt and moccasins, with a rifle on his arm. “ There you see,” said the old man triumphantly, “ Hector could tell me what it was though you *book-men* could not.” ’ ”

“‘But you have not told me,’ said I, ‘how a line-hunter is the fastest hound.’

“‘I thought,’ said he, ‘you had proof enough of that yesterday. By a killing line-hunter is meant, not a hound that sticks his nose to the ground as if it was glued there, but a hound that, when he has stopped long enough to satisfy himself that the scent is there, holds forward on the line of it, occasionally feeling for it; and you will often see, when the scent fails at head, and those flashy devils that have gone half a field without it, and know not what to do, turn round and look for these pilots, these sages, these guides of the pack. You will see some go back to them and follow them in their cast, and if they stop and touch it, they dash at him, catch it up, and away they go with it, followed by the applause of the whole Field, crying, “look at so-and-so;” but who showed so-and-so where it was? The pilot has done in one minute what would have taken the flyers five: and you must agree that that is the fastest hound that got the quickest to his fox. He is not only quick himself, but the cause of speed in others.’

“An order for inspection on the following day had come down to the kennel—the hounds at twelve, and the horses at two o’clock. Everything was put in the neatest order, and as the clock struck the hour, a ring was heard at the kennel door, and in walked our revered Master. His first remark was to one of the Whips:

“‘I think, Sir, your shoes would not be the worse for a little polish;’ and turning to L—t, ‘Now for my frock; and as the biscuit did no harm the other day, I suppose I may be indulged with some now.’

“It was accordingly fetched, and, when attired, said, ‘Now for the boiling-house;’ where he minutely examined the coppers, coals, the boiling flesh, and everything belonging to that department; then turning into the feeding-room, carefully inspected the troughs, the floors, and saw that everything was perfect. In going to the lodging-rooms, L—t said ‘How would your Lordship wish to have them drawn?’

“‘Every hound singly, and the entry first,’ was the reply.

“At length, ‘Forester, Forester,’ was called, when out I sprang. As soon as I made my appearance, he said,

“‘Here, my beautiful puppy,’ throwing me a bit of biscuit and patting my side.

“I was then passed forward to the others, for our inspection was like a presentation at Court. When Vagrant was called, ‘What is that red spot on his flank?’

“‘He has a little heat about him, my Lord.’

“‘Then cool him,’ was the remark.

“When Charmer came out, ‘What is the matter with her foot?’

“‘I think she has cut it, my Lord.’

“‘Let me see it;’ and on lifting it up, ‘She has sprung a claw, I perceive,’ said he; ‘let her stay at home to-morrow, for that must be a shocking weak pack that requires the assistance of a lame hound.’

“Then, taking out his watch, fixed with L—t for the next



morning at half-past three, and he left us, and went to the stables, where what he said and what he did is best known to the grooms.

"When we started on the following morning, we were refreshed with a smart shower of rain, which laid the dust and made it softer to our feet, and kept our jackets cooler in the covert. We had got about two miles on the road, when we were overtaken by His Lordship, who, on passing George, said, 'Give them more room behind, and let them have time to empty themselves;' and, passing on to L—t, remarked, 'that as it was a cool morning, and the coverts we were going to were very strong, it would be an opportunity to give them a good rattling.' As they were two very large coverts connected by a short narrow one, the men were desired to let all go away but the cub they were settled to. They were then thrown in, and in about ten minutes old Pontiff roared out. L—t cheered him: they soon got together, and oh, ye heavens! what a crash! 'That will do, my Lord,' said L—t; 'with such a scent as this, we shall have a brace of noses to put in the ledger. They were pressing him up to the top part of the covert, when crack goes William's whip. 'Very well,' said His Lordship: 'he must now soon cross the ride, and we shall see what we have before us;' and sending L—t to the most likely spot to catch a view, he had not waited long when a clear rattling 'view-hallo' convinced him it was all right. The men heard it, and being now assured *what* fox they were on, kept him from the narrow part, and turned him down, and a precious dusting we gave him in the bottom part. While we were at work at him there, several fresh ones went away down the narrow slip. At length the storm came rolling on, and a cheer from L—t proved we were still on our hunted fox; and His Lordship, getting forward on the outside, assisted the men to head him from the other covert. We were so near him that we carried him over the other lines of scent without changing, and again got his head towards the bottom. George, getting into a broad ride, and not knowing who was behind him, viewed the hunted fox over the lower end of it, began to scream violently, and, unluckily for him, as he was galloping down an *old* fox crossed close before him. The clatter of the horse behind him now increased, and he soon found His Lordship alongside of him, and who in a great rage desired him to go back to the outside, and send William down to him: 'and when this is over I'll talk to you, Sir,' said he. When William came, he observed to him, 'Now, William, this cub is very much blown, and if we can hold him in the high wood, in ten minutes they will kill him:' and we did so. After the cheering and worry was over, 'Now, Sir,' said His Lordship to the Second Whip, 'Why did you halloo in the broad ride?'

"'Because, my Lord, I viewed the cub over the bottom of it.'

"'And so, Sir, when you view a fox over the bottom of a ride, you are to halloo at the top, are you? Could you not hear that the body were well settled to him? and don't you know that any stragglers would sooner fly to them than to you? If they had not had more sense than you, and had come to your absurd scream,

they would in all probability have got on the line of the old one that crossed before you, and we should have lost our cub. Mind this, Sir, in whatever you may have to do with a hunting dog, whether hound, spaniel, or pointer, *you cannot be too quiet*; and, as the old adage advises, keep your eyes open and your mouth shut. I have viewed this cub several times this morning, but I believe you did not hear me halloo; but I suppose, like all young men, you know everything, and age, experience, and study go for nothing.'

"His Lordship was quite right: the noise, the bother, the confusion I have witnessed in some fields has so distracted us, has so divided our attention, that we did not know what to do. Some have gone to the halloo, some to the horn; some would not quit the line, till we were dispersed all over the covert, all listening for each other, and none at work; and amid all this the fox has slipped away, and nobody knows where. But several instances of this and other absurdities will be more clearly pointed out when I come to relate what I have met with in some packs to which it has been my fortune, or rather misfortune, to belong. Thus having described to you my pupilage, which is no more interesting than the narrative of a school-boy, I shall withhold any further remarks till I come to describe our first day's regular hunting."

When Forester had concluded, I said to him, "Allow me to observe, that one day last week the justice of your remark as to noise was made evident to me. I rode up a hare, and the hounds were laid on, and not a word spoke; the scent being very bad, they had some difficulty in settling to it: they persevered very slowly, and, hunting it beautifully, at length pushed her up. My huntsman began screaming and capping; the consequence was, when she broke view, the hounds, with their heads up, were flashing and flying all over the country, and not a hound would stop for it."

The old gentleman having promised me to continue his observations, I shall, so soon as I have collected sufficient materials for another article, transmit it to you.

THISTLEWHIPPER.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine, for January, 1844.

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## THE APPROACHING RACING SEASON IN ENGLAND.

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THE fine national sport of horse racing, may now with the greatest propriety be called a "profession," for in truth noble lords and wealthy commoners calculate their turf matters as "part and parcel" of their yearly incomes.

I am pleased to note that during the coming season, the great Handicap Stakes will be generally on the principle suggested by me some years since, in the pages of the New Sporting Magazine. Nothing surely could be more absurd than the old-fashioned sys-

tem of weighting horses many months before the Handicap was fixed to come off. The shortness of the time between the published weights and the days of running, was no doubt the reason why the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire Stakes, proved so interesting to the betting fraternity; the handicapper in either case was able to analyze the performances of those engaged up to the eleventh hour, and to this circumstance the public was indebted for two splendid races, with large fields of horses of all denominations.

I should like to see the day when horses are brought to the post in the true colors of their legitimate owners, for few things cause more suspicion than dark and mysterious names, known to no regular frequenter of any popular race course; such names, alas! figure too often in the Calendar. There is also another evil which wants a speedy removal; I allude to the carelessness manifested in receiving names of persons, almost unknown to the canvasser, in great Handicap races. This mode swells the subscription sheet it is true, but when the winner applies for the sweets of victory, he finds himself minus many of the £5 forfeits, without any direct information of the defaulters, or their residences.

Too much care cannot be exercised by the different Committees of Management at all racing meetings, to prevent any collision between their "meeting," and any others within their district. The now common method of "steaming," enables a horse of good constitution to travel a couple of hundred miles in a day, without the slightest inconvenience; but to run at Chester on the Tuesday (the Cup day), and at Bath the day following, is rather too much of a good thing; yet Isaac Day and others had the same horses engaged at both the past meetings, and consequently were obliged to sacrifice one or the other. The Leicester people also ran their heads against the all-powerful Doncaster Meeting, and suffered for their ignorance accordingly. I hope both parties have profited by their experience.

The great increase of subscribers, observable in the Racing Calendar, to all the principal Produce and other stakes, forms the best criterion as to the popularity of our fine old English sports, and crushes the hopes of those "namby-pamby" sensitives, who deal in humbug in the neighborhood of Cheltenham, and other once-famed places of sport, much to the annoyance of the straightforward fine old Englishmen, who entertain a profound antipathy to cant and humbug.

The Newmarket Spring Meetings, will, unquestionably, prove of great interest to the bettors on the great Epsom races. In the Craven Meeting, for the Riddlesworth Stakes, Mr. Wreford's Monimia filly will meet Valerian, and one of Mr. Thornhill's, and to judge from "by-gones," I expect to see the "black jacket and white cap" pass Mr. Clarke before her competitors, she being allowed three pounds. The Tuesday's Riddlesworth will bring out either Zenobia or Orlando against Buzz, the Lady Emmeline filly, Jamaica, and perhaps two others. As both Colonel Peel's

are allowed five pounds, the gallant Colonel, health permitting, has only to please himself whether he will win with his Derby colt, or his Oaks filly. For the 200 sovs. each Sweepstakes on the same day, Lord Stradbroke's charming Oaks filly, by Plenipotentiary, out of Marpessa, will strip, and if all be true that we hear, nothing but ill health can prevent her winning, for the field is wretched. The Column Stakes, with seventeen names down, will, in all likelihood, bring the following to the starting-post: Rhino, one of Lord Exeter's, the Miss Julia colt, Sister to Martingale, Crenoline, Elemia, and the prettily running Monimia filly. Knowing John Day's early preparation, I shall stick once more to the Monimia filly. The much cried up Vat colt, the property of Mr. Payne, will put in an appearance in the race for the Burghley Stakes, against Mr. Crockford's colt by Bently out of Emma, Robinia, Arragon, and the Marinella colt. As the Vat and Marinella colts have been backed heavily for the Derby, it seems likely that the race will lie between the pair, nevertheless the Emma colt is not altogether friendless. On Thursday, Orlando and Zenobia stand engaged in the Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, against the Marinella colt, and two of the Duke of Portland's; and Orlando must "follow-up" in the rich 200 sovs each Sweepstakes, where the field being very weak, he ought to gain an easy victory. The Port Stake, for four year olds, has nine subscribers, amongst them many expensive names, to wit, Napier, Gaper, Phlegon, Murat, Fakeaway, and Lothario—I shall put my faith in the Goodwood training, and perhaps take Gaper for choice.

The First Spring Meeting appears very promising on paper. The race for the two Thousand Guineas Stakes will shake the nerves of many. On the first day the "suspected one," Running Rein, is engaged in a play or pay race of 50 sovs. each against eight others,—should he win cleverly and not get disqualified, who is to say that "Mr. Goodman won't win the Two Thousand." For the Palace Stakes, the Marpessa filly will be introduced to Robinia, Crenoline, and the Mecca filly. This race will very much alter the Oaks betting. On Tuesday all eyes will be on the watch when the crack race comes off. The 2000 gs. is a sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft., for colts, 8st. 7lb.; and fillies, 8st. 4lb.—Rowley Mile. There are twenty-five nominations, and amongst the number many high sounding names in the Derby ring. As the stake is a valuable one, it is quite expected that The Ugly Buck will come to the post, joined with the following list: Running Rein, one of Lord George Bentinck's, Brother to Rosalind, (stated to be very good,) the Marinella colt, Zenobia, the Vat colt, and perhaps a brace of others. Looking at the Derby betting at this moment, and liking honest John's mode of treatment, I quite expect to see The Ugly Buck win this race in good style. John Day does not often make mistakes when in earnest. Voltri, the highly tried (?) Voltri, may be expected to run for the Coffee Room Stakes against a very poor lot; therefore, if he wins in a canter it cannot be looked upon as anything like wiping off his shameful defeats in the Autumn. The "Lady-



day" will be an interesting one, for I never knew a more open race, than the coming 1000 gs. Stakes promises to be. There are twenty-six names down, and the following are very frequently spoken about for the Oaks : 'The Princess, All-round-my-hat, The Bee, Sister to Martingale, Zenobia, the Marpessa filly, and Sister to Dilbar—the latter, a nice filly and a beautiful goer, is sure to run well,—mark that !

Cockamaroo will prove in the race for the Eglinton Stakes, whether he is deserving of support for the Derby ; there are seven against him ; but as Zanoni is dead, and the Marinella colt (if he goes for all his engagements) will be run to death, it does not appear unlikely that my Lord Maidstone may pull through easily. The Newmarket Stakes will bring out Anniversary, (a dangerous outsider in the Derby betting,) with Brother to Rosalind, one of Lord Exeter's, the Miss Etty colt, the Vat colt, and one of the Duke of Portland's. I have been informed that Lord W. Powlett's colt, by Liverpool, out of Nell Gwynne, will be reserved for other engagements, else I should not only have included him as a starter, but actually picked him out to be either first or second.

The Chester Meeting bids fair to produce a much better "bill of fare" than was "dished up" on the last occasion. The subscriptions towards the Tradesmen's Cup are already unusually large, and it is to be hoped that the handicapper will use his best endeavors to "please all parties," so that a large acceptance may be ensured, and a rattling field brought to the post. The Dee Stakes, with thirty-one subscribers, will give us some little insight into the strength of the three year olds in the Cheshire district, inasmuch as the following have been made favorites for the Derby, Oaks, and St. Leger ; the Princess, Bebington, Attaghan, Assay, Telemachus, Dalesman, Lancet, Red Rover, The Cure, and Joe Lovell. Most of the other stakes have been most liberally subscribed to.

The Yorkites seem disposed to come out at last in good earnest ; every effort will be made to place the once-famed Knavesmire on the footing of some score of years ago, and money has been liberally subscribed by the lovers of the exciting pastime. Improvements have been made on a spirited principle : an inclosure, similar to the one at Liverpool, has been formed in front of the stand, and a new circular course of about two miles laid down, so that all distances may now be ready for "match-making." The present regulations do not augur much in favor of the prospect for the Spring Meeting, but the August one will no doubt be splendid and interesting to the Leger bettors.

The Epsom races bespeak about an average. For the Derby there are one hundred and fifty-three subscribers, and as near as I can ascertain, one hundred and twelve in a state of active preparation. Of these upwards of fifty have figured in the odds at the "room" at Tattersall's, the principal favorites being Rattan, The Ugly Buck, Voltri (all backed 10 to 1 or less) ; Loadstone, Orlando, T'Auld Squire (20 to 1 or under) ; Ionian, Nell Gwynne colt, Running Rein, Vat colt, Saddlebow, Wadastra colt, Leander, Sea-

port (30 to 1 or less); Foig-a-Ballagh, Campunero, Cockamaroo, Bebington, the Delightful colt, The Lancet (at odds varying from 30 to 40 to 1); Anniversary, Juvenal, Zenobia, Assay, Charming Kate, King of the Gipsies, Dr. Sangrado, Apprentice, Attaghan, Telemachus, Beaumont, the Marinella colt, Theseus, Joe Lovell, Dr. Phillimore, Imaum, colt out of Emma, Coverdale, Kilgrave, Lorimer, Johnny Broome, Valerian (at odds from 40 to 66 to 1); and the Miss Julia colt, Boots, Barricade, Retiarius, Sir Isaac, the Ashstead Pet (half-bred). Akhbar, the Amulet colt, colt by Elvas, out of Perdita (an Irish), Lord Saltoun, Elemi, and Red Rover (at from 66 to 100 to 1). It may be gathered from the above abstract that the "book-makers" have had a very good opportunity of getting round well. The horses most extensively backed up to the present time are The Ugly Buck, Rattan, Loadstone, Orlando, the Vat colt, Foig-a-ballagh, Voltri, and Campunero. The Oaks will be a race of great importance; there are one hundred and seventeen subscribers, and the following fillies have been backed to win tolerably large sums: The Princess, Barricade, Assay, the Monimia filly, Joan of Arc, Sister to Martingale, Zenobia, Charming Kate, the Marpessa filly, and All-Round-my-Hat. I should like to bet a "pony" that there will be a large field at the post on the Oaks day. I cannot help remarking here, that every other meeting of any consequence has its sporting "handicap;" while the Epsom folks are content to jog on with their two "grand events," and a "hashing up" of 5 sovs. Sweepstakes and Fifty Pound Plates in heats! I have often thought that it would be highly advantageous to saddle opposite the Grand Stand, and feel confident, that at a very trifling expense the ground might be made "passable" from the winning-post to the starting place for the Cup race. I have frequently wondered why the Manchester Committee of management should fix their race meetings in the week following Epsom, for the excitement occasioned by the Surrey doings, and the London "Settling," prevents many of the spirited Lancashire sportsmen from being "at home" to patronize their own gathering. I hope this hint will be taken in the right quarter, and a change of time agreed upon on all future occasions.

A stir, I am told, is making to bring the courtly Ascot Meeting back to the glorious time of yore. The New Stakes, for two year olds, will be of more than passing moment, and the Calendar informs us that some of the old, and once greatly influential stakes, are now well worth winning. Since Zinganee's brilliant performance in 1829, the race for the Gold Cup has yearly been a mere shadow of what it was; this is the more singular because there has been generally a fairish entry as regards fine names, and the weights are "weights for ages," without any extras for winning or running second.

The Newcastle and Liverpool people are exerting themselves in the "good cause," and I hesitate not to assert that the coming meetings will lack none of that splendor which they have so frequently showered on the heads of their annual visitors. At Newcastle there are several stakes, in which some of the St. Leger

horses stand engaged, amongst them may be noticed T'Auld Squire, Saddle-bow, Telemachus, The Cure, and Escrick. At Liverpool, too, the bettors on the Great Doncaster race will have many opportunities of "judging for themselves" on the merits of their favorites, or non-favorites. Those capital rules, first introduced at the Liverpool Meetings, have been in many instances faithfully copied at other provincial race meetings with the greatest possible success.

The noble Duke of Richmond and his learned confederate, Lord George Bentinck, not content with raising the fascinating Goodwood Meeting to the highest pitch of eminence in the racing world, seem determined to bring perfection as nearly as possible amongst the straight-forward and right-thinking racing community. The list for the coming year is rich indeed; There are sixty-six subscribers to the Gratwicke Stakes, for three-year-olds, worth, if walked over for, the princely sum of £3,200! Among the competitors are the following highly bred cattle; T'Auld Squire, Saddle-bow, Sister to Dilbar, colt by Elis out of Delightful, Antler, Assay, Zenobia, Valerian, Pastoral, Voltri and the filly by Sultan, jun., out of Monimia. The Great 300 sovs. each sweepstakes for four-year-olds, Queen's Plate Course, three miles and five furlongs, has seventeen subscribers, and, as it is half forfeit, the proceeds must amount to £2,400 to the lucky winner, even if left for a canter over. Cotherstone, Aristides, Phlegon, and Cornopean, are amongst the entry. The Goodwood Stakes and Cup are being subscribed to very handsomely, and I may fairly assume, that the Grand Sussex week of 1844, will outshine all bygone ones, and that is stating very brilliant news to the happy company, who make a point of participating in the delight of the beautiful scenery and capital sport so often witnessed in Goodwood Park.

As I have before observed, there is the goodly spirit stirring in Yorkshire. In the coming August Meeting we get the Great Yorkshire Stakes of 10 sovs. each, with 100 added for three-year olds, and one hundred and thirty-three names annexed. This race will have great weight in the opinions of those who dabble in the St. Leger Stakes. I will just point out a few names to show the popularity of the stakes:—Mr. Bowes's Saddle-bow, Sir R. Bulkeley's Bebington, Lord Chesterfield's Attaghan, Mr. Knox's Foig-a-Ballagh, Mr. Payne's colt, by Touchstone out of Vat, by Langar (blood good enough to win anything), Mr. Quin's Loadstone, Mr. Gregory's Barricade, Lord Westminster's Lancet, &c. &c. We here find that cheap sweepstakes are amazingly popular, for there are horses entered from east, west, north, and south. I need not add that the betting on the Leger will be affected by the issue of this race. Several other important races are "looked up" to most favorably.

The Doncaster St. Leger race will so much depend upon previous performances that it is useless to say more than that there are one hundred and nine subscribers, and that most of our best three-year-olds stand engaged.

The Newmarket Autumnal Meetings will be more than an "average;" and I fearlessly assert, that the season of 1844 will run a long and pleasant course, to the satisfaction of the admirers of our finest national pastime.

UNCLE TOBY.

London (New) Sporting Magazine, for January, 1844.

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### A DAY AT BUTRINTO.

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ALTHOUGH the channel which separates the Island of Corfu from the mainland of Albania is not more than half a dozen miles across, yet the preparations necessary to be made before traversing it are as troublesome as if a voyage round the world were in contemplation. Not only have the regular ship-papers taken out in all ports on a vessel sailing to be procured, but a bill of health and description of the crew, with all the various and vexatious forms of the quarantine establishment, to be gone through, fees to be paid, certain functionaries, called *Guardiani*, to be engaged at the rate of a dollar or more a day each; one of these to accompany the Sportsman, the other to remain with the boat's crew, to prevent, in both cases, all contact with the Natives on the other side, and consequent risk of the introduction of the plague. What a cruel farce is this quarantine! of doubtful utility even if honestly carried on, but worse than useless in the hands of the *Guardiani* of the Mediterranean. Swear them to do their duty you may; but where is the Greek or Italian of their class whose conscience can resist a dollar? The Greek boatmen are slippery characters: you must catch them, pay "something" in advance, and even then it is considered prudent to see their boat safely moored in the ditch of the citadel before sunset, whence there is no egress without permission before morning gunfire. All this having been gone through, and the weather propitious, we may safely calculate on a splendid day's sport on the morrow. The anxious party are on foot hours before daylight; a rough breakfast of potted woodcock and mutton chops is thrown in; provisions for the day, both for men and dogs, are carefully packed (for there are no publicans in Albania); the *gregos* (a heavy goatskin cloak) are sent to the boat with all the countless traps of a shooting sportsman; and we crawl down the old Venetian stairs to find the lumbering county-boat which is to convey us across the channel twelve miles to Butrinto. The cigars are lighted, the retrievers thumped into their places, the *gregos* put on, and the four boatmen, looking like stumps of trees enveloped in hair, stand, with their faces to the bow, ready to push the boat forward with their unwieldy oars. The water is like glass, the air mild and delicious; and though clouds hang over Santa Dekka and St. Salvatore, yet Bonello the Guarciano has prophesied a fair day. This individual is a character: his jokes are incessant;



and, though generally unanswered, their effect is apparent in the angry energy of the rowers. Now and then a more than commonly pungent sting produces a reply, and the successful retort is hailed with shouts and increased vigor by the crew, while the facetious Neapolitan quietly shakes his sides at the twofold success of the experiment.

How infinitely beautiful is the breaking of day in this delicious climate! The channel is like a vast lake, hemmed in by mountains, and the early rays of the sun, commencing on the snowy peaks, come gradually downwards, lighting up one of the grandest panoramas that the world can produce, from the white summits of Epirus down to Santa Maura, far beyond

“Iule’s rocks and Parga’s shore!”

With the first dawn of day strings of ducks are observed moving over the waters towards the coast, and as we double the headland which bounds the Bay of Butrinto, the scene is alive with wild-fowl. Innumerable flocks of ducks are making towards the marshes in various forms of flight; ranks of stately pelicans are standing in the shallow waters at the head of the Bay, while others are sailing with supreme dominion overhead. The gentleman of the rough breakfast is throwing in a little sleep, but we rouse him, and he is quickly perplexing himself in the entanglement of a dozen pockets to find out the wherewith to load and land. As we silently draw near the beach, armies of coots go skittering into the rushes; the beautiful white crane flaps silently past, whilst eagles, hawks, and buzzards are soaring about in search of their morning meal—no unproductive quest one would suppose in a place which is perfectly alive with fowl. We form a line silently, and advance through the deep mud into the deeper water of the marsh. To say that snipes *abound* is a weak word to convey an idea of their numbers. They rise at every step, and we curse their squealing lest it should disturb the more noble game we are in pursuit of. It is grand sport! Ducks, teal, wigeon (especially him of the spoon-bill, noted for his exquisite flavor) are brought to bag; garganys, an occasional goose, and a B B cartridge, sent at random into a flock of fowl almost out of sight overhead, brings down a “clanging golden eye.” The ducks are generally in too large flocks to be approached with certainty, but heavy solitary mallards, oppressed with the good things of the Bay, are an easy prey. It is rather soft walking in places, and happy is he who can keep the water out of his waistcoat pockets. It is a place decidedly calculated to astonish any anxious mamma who has particularly directed her precious parcel of son to be “kept dry.” Cautious sportsmen guard against the consequences of a sudden plunge, by keeping a few caps in their ears, and having a cunning pocket for the powder-flask somewhere about the shoulder.

“What the devil is this?” cries Mr. John Newcome on his first visit, as a something like a winged jackass rises close before him. “Merely a bittern of the largest size, who has left a few of his tail feathers under your foot.”—“Mark Jackall,” cries one; and

looking towards the mountain which rises abruptly from the marsh, we see him coming at speed down the steep hill directly towards us, followed by two of the large dogs of the country. They decidedly gain upon him; they strain every muscle—they are almost at his brush. With water before, and two powerful dogs each three times his size behind, what can he do? He is between two devils and the deep sea—he can't escape—"they must have him!" But they who say so reckon little upon the sagacity of the "lion's provider." At the very edge of the marsh he suddenly doubles, and goes up the hill at a pace even superior to that which brought him down; while the heavy dogs, unable to stop, plunge floundering into the mud and water, and before they can extricate themselves, the wily animal is far beyond the reach of pursuit. No, no, the Corfu Hunt can testify that this sagacious animal is uncommonly hard to catch. If jackalls laugh in their sleeves, this is a fair opportunity for the exercise of that form of risibility.

During all this time we are slowly skirting the right bank of the river towards the residence of the Turkish Aga, a dilapidated earth, garrisoned by a few soldiers to defend the fishery, maintain the regulation of the port, receive bribes, or doing anything or nothing—in short, to assert the majesty of the Ottoman Empire in this remote spot. The Aga is a fine-looking man, and dressed in the picturesque Albanian costume—the red embroidered jacket without collar, disclosing in front the white under-garments, also collarless—the broad red and yellow sash (now beginning to appear in the Regent Street windows as shawls for ladies), stuck with two long pistols with chased silver butts, and the yataghan, a compromise between a sword and dagger, in a handsome sheath—the ample white fustenella, a kilt reaching to the knee, with embroidered red legging to the ankle, and sandals laced over the instep. Everyone of course wears the fez, a dark red cap, that of the Aga being distinguished by a more ample tassel of blue floss silk. This Turkish functionary seated on the grass, surrounded by his savage-looking soldiers leaning on their long guns, form an interesting group, and with the wild mountain scenery offer a beautiful subject for a picture. In his manners the Aga is, like most Turks, a gentleman—invariably civil, and happy to receive any small present of gunpowder you may please to bestow on him.

The plain of Butrinto is an alluvial flat of about two miles across, traversed by two narrow but deep and rapid rivers, and nearly enclosed by an amphitheatre of mountains. The river which skirts the northern side flows from a chain of lakes a little higher among the hills. On a bold promontory above the Aga's residence stand the extensive ruins of a Roman castle jutting out into the lake, and in former times an inaccessible position.

Having launched at the end of this first act of our sporting drama, we proceed to scour the plain for snipes, of which there are thousands; and, though rather wild from want of covert, a good bag ought to be made. Towards evening we draw towards the boat, and dress and dine. Here most people are inclined to yield to the seduction of cigars and mulled wine, but not the least

exciting part of the day is yet to come—the flight shooting on the rocky pass which connects the old castle with the mountain. Over this at nightfall the fowl pass by thousands from the lakes towards the sea, and they are mixed with woodcocks descending from the mountain coverts to feed in the marsh. The firing at this place is terrific; but from the difficulty of seeing the birds, which fly nearly on level with the shooter, and pass his head like cannon shots, the execution is not in proportion: nevertheless a few couples are usually secured. Waiting patiently on this pass, a man must be indeed insensible if he is not, to use Col. Hawker's words, "struck with the wild retirement of the scene!"—the placid lake at your feet hemmed in by majestic mountains; the crumbling walls of the old castle above, raising innumerable speculations of its history, its wars, its builders, its garrisons, whether Greek, Roman, or Venetian, the fights beneath its walls, and especially on the spot we occupy as being its most accessible side. All is silent now, save the plash of the water-fowl in the lake below, or a ringing laugh from the Aga's residence, or the wild whoop of a shepherd on the mountain.

Butrinto, the ancient Buthrotum, was the residence of Pyrrhus, son of Achilles, and I was once seduced to witness the acting of the much-vaunted Rachel in the tragedy of that name, by seeing that the scene was laid "à Buthrote." I hoped that the efforts of the scene-painter might have produced something to remind me of my favorite spot, but I confess the only thing which at all brought it back to my recollection was, that the bellowing intonation of the actress bore some resemblance to the lowing of the Aga's cows.

FLUFF.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine for January, 1844.

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## RACING SEVENTY YEARS SINCE.

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[The following entertaining and scientific essay against the common notions of Blood Horses, Breeding, etc., has been copied by R. D. N., Esq., expressly for the "Am. Turf Register," from an English Sporting Magazine published in 1779.]

WHOEVER supposes that Messrs. Heber and Ford, or even Mr. John Cheney, were the first who published accounts of Horse-Racing, will find himself much mistaken; for there lived others a hundred years before them, who not only published accounts of Horse-Racing, but acquainted us with the history of Wrestling, Back-sword playing, Boxing, and even Foot-Racing, that happened in their days; and from them we also learn who were the victors, or how the racers came in.

Amongst these, lived a man whose name was Homer, a blind or obscure man (for they are synonymous terms), who occasionally

published his Book of Sports ; and to him we are obliged also for the pedigree of many horses that were esteemed the best in his time. This man was said to be poor, in little esteem, and to travel about the country to sell his books ; but, though his circumstances were very low, his understanding, it seems, was not, for he always took care to pay his court to the great personages whenever he came, and to flatter them in the blood of their horses. But, though he was little esteemed in his life-time, yet his Book of Pedigrees and Genealogy of Horses was thought so useful, that he was greatly honored for it after his death ; and what is more strange, though the place of his nativity was unknown, and no country would receive him as a member of their community when living, yet when dead, many nations contended for the honor of it ; but, whatever argument each country may produce for the support of its claim, nothing is more evident than that he was an Englishman ; and there is great reason to believe he was born somewhere in the North, though I do not take upon me to say it absolutely was so. His partiality to that part of the kingdom is manifest enough, for he pretended to say, that a good Racer could be bred in no place but the North, whereas late experience has proved that to be a very idle notion. But as the Northern gentlemen were the first breeders of Race-Horses, so it is very probable they were the first subscribers to his books ; and then we shall find his partiality might arise, either from his gratitude to these gentlemen, or from its being the place of his nativity, or perhaps from both.

There was in the North, in his time, a very famous stallion called *Boreas*. Whether the present breeders have any of that blood left I do not certainly know ; but Homer, to flatter the owner (who was a subscriber to his book, and always gave him two half guineas instead of one,) fabled that this same Boreas begat his colts as fleet as the wind. This, to be sure, will be looked upon as nothing more than a matter of polite partiality to his benefactors : but it is much to be feared this partiality has not been confined to persons alone, for there is reason to believe that in many cases, he has varied the true pedigree of his horses, and (not unlike our modern breeders) has left out one cross that has been thought not good, and substituted another in its room held more fashionable.

We have an account in one of his books (I forget the year when it was published) of a very humorous Chariot-Race that was run over Newmarket, between five Noblemen, and though it was the custom, at that time, to run with a two-wheeled chaise and pair only, instead of four, we find all other customs nearly the same. The names of the horses are given us, their pedigrees, and the names of the drivers ; the course is marked out, judges appointed, bets offered, but no crossing or jostling allowed ; a plain proof that they depended on winning from the excellence of their horses alone. But though a currie and pair was then the fashion, there lived, at that time, a strange, mad kind of a fellow (haughty and overbearing, and determined that nobody should do anything like himself,) who always drove three ; and though the recital of this



circumstance may be considered as trivial, or little to the purpose, we shall find something in the story worth our attention, and, with respect to horses, a case very singular, such a one as no history, tradition, nor our own experience, has ever furnished us with a similar instance of.

It seems these three horses were so good that no horses in the kingdom would match them. Homer, after having been very lavish in their praise, has given us their names, and the pedigree of two of them, which it seems were full brothers. He tells us, they were as swift as the wind; and, in his bombast way of writing, says they were immortal. This expression is exactly of the same style and meaning with our modern phrase, *high-bred*, and could mean nothing else; because, in the recital of the pedigree, they were got by the same North-country horse before mentioned, called Boreas, and out of a flying mare called Podarge; but the singularity of this case is, that the third horse, whom he calls Pedassus, was absolutely a common horse, and of no blood. Here I beg leave to make use of Pope's words, who, in his translation, speaking of this horse, says:—

“Who like in strength, in swiftness, and in grace,  
A mortal courser marched th' immortal race.”

Now, as nothing is more certain than that no horses but those of blood can race in our days, I have long been endeavoring to find the true reason of this singular instance, and cannot any way account for it, but by supposing that equality of strength and elegance might produce an equality of swiftness. This consideration naturally produced another, which is, that the blood of all horses may be merely ideal; and if so, a word of no meaning. But before I advance anything more on this hypothesis, and that I may not be guilty of treason against the received laws of jockeyship, I do here lay it down as a certain truth, that no horses, but such as come from foreign countries, or which are of extraction totally foreign, can race. In this opinion every man will readily join me, and this opinion will be confirmed by every man's experience and observation.

But in discussing this point, I shall beg leave, when speaking of these horses, to change the word *high-bred*, and in its room substitute the word *foreigner*, or of *foreign extraction*; for perhaps it may appear that the excellence we find in these horses depends totally on the mechanism of their parts, and not in their blood; and that all the particular distinctions and fashions thereof depend also on the whim and caprice of mankind.

If we take a horse bred for the cart, and such a one as we call a hunter, and a horse of *foreign extraction*, and set them together, the meanest judge will easily point out the best racer, from the texture, elegance, and symmetry of their parts, without making any appeal to blood. Allow but a difference in texture, elegance, and symmetry of parts, in different horses, whose extraction is *foreign*, this principle is clearly proved, and the word *high-bred* of no use, but to puzzle and lead us astray; and every man's daily

observation would teach him, if he was not lost in the imaginary error of particular blood, that, generally speaking, such horses who have the finest texture, elegance of shape, and most proportion, are the best racers, let their blood be of what kind it will, always supposing it to be totally *foreign*. If I was asked what beauty was, I should say *proportion*; if I was asked what strength was, I should also say *proportion*; but I would not be understood to mean that this strength and beauty alone will constitute a racer, for we shall find a proper length also will be wanted, for the sake of velocity, and that, moreover, the very constituent parts of *foreign horses* differ as much from all others as their performances. But this, however, will be found a truth—that in all horses of every kind, whether designed to draw or ride, this principle of *proportion* will determine the principle of goodness, at least to that part of it which we call *bottom*. On the other hand, our daily observation will show us that no weak, loose, or disproportioned horse, let his blood be what it will, ever yet was a prime racer. If it be objected that many a plain, ugly horse, has been a racer, I answer, that all goodness is comparative, and that such horses who have been winners of plates about the country, may be properly called good racers, when compared to some others. But I can even allow a very plain horse to be a prime racer, without giving up the least part of this system; for instance, if we suppose a horse with a large head and long ears (like the Godolphin Arabian), a low, mean forehead, flat-sided and goose-rumped, this, I guess, will be allowed a plain ugly horse; but yet if such a horse be strong and justly made in those parts which are immediately conducive to action—if his shoulders incline well backwards, his legs and joints in proportion, his carcass strong and deep, and his thighs well let down, we shall find he may be a very good racer; even when tried by the principles of mechanism, without appealing to the blood for any part of his goodness. We are taught by the doctrine of mechanism, that the power applied to any body must be adequate to the weight of that body, otherwise such power will be deficient for the action we require; and there is no man but knows that a cable or cord of three inches diameter is not equal in strength to a cord of four inches diameter. So that if it should be asked why a handsome coach horse, with as much beauty, length, and proportion as a *foreign* horse, will not act with the same velocity and perseverance, nothing will be more easily answered without approaching to blood; because we shall find the power of acting, in a *foreign* horse, much more prevalent, and more equal to the weight of his body, than the powers of acting in a coach-horse: for whoever has been curious enough to examine the mechanism of different horses by dissection, will find the tendon of the leg in a *foreign* horse is much larger than in any other horse whose leg is of the same dimensions; and as the external texture of a *foreign* horse is much finer than that of any other, so the *foreign* horse must necessarily have the greatest strength and perseverance in acting, because the muscular power of two horses (whose dimensions are the same) will be the greatest in that horse where texture is the finest.

Let us next inquire what information we can gather from the science of Anatomy, concerning the laws of motion. It teaches us that the force and power of a muscle consists in the number of fibres of which it is composed ; and that the velocity and motion of a muscle consists in the length and extent of its fibres. Let us compare this doctrine with the language of the jockey. He tells us if a horse has not length he will be slow ; and if made too slender he will not be able to bring his weight through. Does not the observation of the jockey exactly correspond with this doctrine ?

If we now enquire into the motion of horses, we shall find the bones are the levers of the body, and the tendons and muscles (which are one and the same thing) are the powers of acting applied to these levers. Now, when we consider a half-bred horse running one mile or more, with the same alacrity as a horse of *foreign*, extraction we do not impute that equality of velocity to any innate quality in the half-bred horse, because we can account for it by external causes ; that is, by an equality of the length and extent of his levers and tendons. And when we consider a half-bred horse running one mile or more, with the same velocity as the other, and then giving it up, what shall we do ? Shall we say the *foreigner* beats him by his blood, or by the force and power of his tendons ? Or can we, without reproaching our own reason and understanding, impute that to be the effect of occult and hidden causes in the one of these instances and not in the other ? both of which are demonstrated with certainty, and reduced to facts by the knowledge of anatomy and the principles of mechanism.

How many instances have we of different horses beating each other alternately over different sorts of ground ? How often do we see short, close, compact horses, beating others of a more lengthened shape, over high and hilly courses, as well as on deep and slippery ground, in the latter of which the blood is esteemed much better, and whose performances, in general, are much greater ?

And how comes it to pass that horses of a more lengthened shape have a superiority over horses of a shorter make upon level and flat ground ? Is this effected by the difference of their mechanical power, or is it effected by the blood ? If by the latter, then this blood is not general but partial only, which no reasoning man will be absurd enough to allow. But I much fear our distinctions of good and bad blood are determined with much partiality ; for every jockey has his particular favorite blood, of which he judges from events, success, or prejudice : else, how comes it to pass that we see the different opinions and fashions of blood varying daily ? Nay, we see the very same blood undergoing the very same fate ; this year rejected, the next in the highest esteem ; or this year in high repute, the next held as nothing. How many changes has the blood of Childers undergone ? Once the best, then the worst, now good again ! Where are the descendants of Bay Bolton, that once were the terror of their antagonists ? Did



these prevail by the superiority of their blood? or because their power and their fabric were superior to the horses of their time? If any one ask why Dandy Cade was not as good a racer as any in the kingdom, the jockey could not impute this to his blood: but if it should be imputed to his want of proportion, surely it might be held for a true and satisfactory reason. How many revolutions of fame and credit have we sportsmen observed in these *high-bred families*?

Numberless are the examples of this kind which might be quoted; but to account for this, one says "the blood is worn out for want of a proper cross;" another tells us that "after having been long in this climate, the blood degenerates." But these reasons cannot be true, because, as we see the offspring of all crosses, and of most ancient families, occasionally triumphant over the sons of the very latest crosses, the error then will not be found in the blood, or in the broken crossing. But the effect will be produced by erroneous judgment of mankind, in putting together the male and female with improper shapes; and while we are lost and blinded by an imaginary good, the laws of nature stand revealed; and we by paying a proper attention thereto, and employing our judgment therein, might wipe this *ignis fatuus* from the mind, and fix the truth on a sure foundation.

Our observation shows us that, on the one hand, we may breed horses of a *foreign* extraction too delicate and too slight for any labor; and, on the other hand, so coarse and clumsy, as to be fitter for the cart than the race. Shall we wonder that these cannot race, or shall we doubt that degrees of imperfection in the mechanism will produce degrees of imperfection in racing? And when we find such deficiency, shall we ridiculously impute it to a degeneracy of that blood which was once in the highest esteem, or to want of judgment in him who did not properly adapt the shapes of their progenitors?

Shall we confess this, or is the fault in Nature? For though most philosophers agree that innate principles do not exist, yet we know for certain, that in the brute creation, whose food is plain and simple (unlike luxurious man) the laws of nature are, generally speaking, invariable and determined. If it should be asked why the sons of the Godolphin Arabian were superior to most horses of their time? I answer—because he had great power and symmetry of parts (head excepted) and a propriety of length greatly superior to all other horses of the same diameter, that have been lately seen in this kingdom; which I do not assert on my own judgment, but on the opinion of those who, I believe, understand horses much better than I pretend to do, and it is very probable this horse, if he had not been confined to particular mares, might have begot better racers than he did. On the contrary, I have heard it urged, in behalf of his blood, that he was a very mean horse in figure, and that he was kept as a teezer some years before he recovered. What does this prove? I think, nothing more than that his first owner did not rightly understand this kind of horse, and that different men differed in their opinion of this horse's fabrics.



If any man, who doubts this excellence to be in the blood, should ask how it came to pass that we often see two full brothers, one of which is a good racer, the other indifferent, or perhaps bad? I know of but two answers that can be given: We must either allow this excellence of the blood to be partial, or else we must say, that by putting together a horse and a mare, different in their shapes, a fœtus may be produced of a happy form at one time, and at another, the fœtus partaking more or less of the shape of either, may not be so happily formed. Which shall we do? Shall we impute this difference of goodness in the two brothers, to the difference of their mechanism? or shall we say this perfection of the blood is partial? If the latter, then we must own that blood is not to be relied on, but that the system of it, and whatever is built on that foundation, is precarious and uncertain, and therefore falls to the ground of its own accord.

Whilst this continues to be the rule of breeding, I mean of putting male and female together, with no consideration but that of blood and a proper cross, it is no wonder so few good racers are produced; no wonder mankind are disappointed in their pleasure and expectations; for this prejudice does not only extend to blood but even to the very names of the breeders, and the country where the horses are bred, though it is beyond all doubt that the North claims the preference of all other places in the kingdom; but that preference is allowed from the multiplicity of mares and stallions in those parts, and from the number of racers there bred.

I would not be thought in this to prefer my own opinion of shape and make to the known goodness of any stallion, but would prefer the latter before the opinion of all mankind. What then? It is not every horse that has been a good racer, will get good colts; some have suffered too much in their constitutions by hard and continued labor, whilst others have some natural infirmity, that may probably be entailed on their generation.

But the most material thing in breeding all animals, and to which we pay the least regard, either in the race of men or horses, is the choice of the female who not only joins in the production of the fœtus, but in the formation of it also. And that the female has even the greatest share in the production of the fœtus, will be proved by this instance: If you take a dung-hill cock and put to a game hen, and also put a brother of that game hen to a sister of the dung-hill cock, the chickens bred from the game hen will be found much superior to the chickens bred from the dung-hill hen.

Before I close this essay, I beg leave to be allowed (without the imputation of pedantry) one quotation from Virgil, who is supposed to have well understood the laws of nature. In his description of the choice of animals for procreation, in the third chapter of the Georgics, and the 49th verse, you will find it thus written:

“Sen quis Olympiacea miratus preamia palmae,  
Pascit equos, sen quis fortes, ad eratra Innencos,  
Corpora praceipud matrum cegat.”

But, if I should not escape the censure of the critics on this oc-

casion, I expect the thanks of all the handsome, well-made women in the kingdom, who understand Latin, for the hint ; and where they do not, I hope their paramours will instil the meaning of it, as deeply as they can, into them.

“ AN OLD COURSER.”

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### THE ROYAL VISIT TO BELVOIR CASTLE.

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WERE I to detail all the goings-on at Belvoir Castle during Her Majesty and Prince Albert and the Queen Dowager's visit to the Duke of Rutland, I should occupy a very great portion of your Number ; neither is it necessary, as every part of the kingdom is already apprised of the princely hospitality of His Grace towards his Sovereign and the illustrious guests who honored him with their presence. It would be unpardonable, however, if *Maga* omitted to notice what is especially her province ; and lest you should not have received a more detailed account of our “doings” in the field with this celebrated pack—now exalted by the presence of royalty—I forward you a brief statement of two glorious days' sport we had during Her Majesty's residence at the Castle.

The fixture on the 5th having been announced for Croxton park, and a general opinion prevailing that Her Majesty and the Queen Dowager would be present to see the hounds throw off, and that the Prince Consort would join the Hunt, an immense concourse of gentry and yeomen assembled at the Castle, the hounds being under the command of Lord Forester.

At eleven o'clock Her Majesty, Queen Adelaide, Prince Albert, and the Duke of Rutland, entered a carriage-and-four, escorted by outriders in His Grace's livery mounted on thorough-breds, and followed by the Ladies in Waiting in another carriage-and-four, proceeded by the public road, the bulk of the equestrians taking the Noble Duke's private road. As the cavalcade passed along the route, which was lined for nearly a quarter of a mile with carriages of every description, numerous horsemen joined it, and by the time Croxton park was within sight there were full three hundred persons present, which every moment increased, and by the time it reached the park had swelled to eight hundred, including nearly all the members of the Melton Hunt in hunting costume, and several ladies, among whom were Miss Manners, of Goadby Hall, a relative of the Rutland family ; and Miss Charlsworth and Miss Doyle, both well known in Leicestershire. The crowd of horsemen and the thousands on foot gave three cheers for the two Queens of England, which “made the welkin ring.”

On arriving at the park, Prince Albert left the carriage, and mounted his favorite hunter (*Emancipation*), as did the Duke of Wellington, when the “view-hallo” was given to these illustrious personages in true fox-hunting style. The royal carriages moved

on through Waltham village, keeping the road to the South of Melton, and took their station on the high ground opposite Melton spinnies. Lord Forester brought the hounds to the window of the Royal carriage for Her Majesty's inspection, and they were shortly after thrown into the spinnies, and immediately gave tongue. Three foxes were a-foot, and on settling to one, he went off to Claxton thorns, where, being headed by some foot-people, he turned back towards the spinnies, and was run into within one field of the covert. Tried Freeby wood, but did not find. Trotted on to Waltham pasture, and found immediately, but he was run to ground in three fields. Found a third in Newman's gorse, near Waltham, and went away merrily for Spoxton thorns; passing Colston village, the fox veered to the left, and crossed the brook, followed by the hounds, the Prince going over in splendid style. Leaving Colston covert to the left, the varmint made for Woodle Head, but being headed by some ploughmen, he turned to the right, leaving Wymondham village to his left, pointing for Stapleford park. The pace was now first-rate. The run had lasted nearly half an hour over some of the finest country that a Sportsman could desire. Second horses were called for by scores at Wymondham, and away they went, the Prince keeping in the first rank. On clearing the village, a cur-dog coursed the fox, turning him short round to the right, which caused a momentary check, and gave a short breathing to the Field, who evidently stood in great need of a respite. The hounds soon got on his track, and followed back to Colston village, re-crossing the brook, and he was shortly after run to ground at Garthorpe, having afforded a gallant run of three quarters of an hour, during the greater part of which the pace was very fast. Most of the horses were dead beat, and not more than a dozen up at the finish, amongst the foremost of whom was the Prince. Both the Equerries in attendance on His Royal Highness, Colonel Bouverie and Mr. G. E. Anson, had falls, which produced some good-humored jokes at their expense. The Duke of Wellington only rode to the spinnies, and then returned to the Castle. Her Majesty and suite returned at three o'clock, having, however, seen very little of the sport. The Noble Host did not join the Hunt, having remained with Her Majesty to point out the country. The hunting party at the Castle arrived at five o'clock. Among the Nobility and Gentry present were, the Marquis of Granby, and Lords John, Charles, and George Manners; Earls Howe, Jersey, and Wilton; Lord Rancliffe; General Hare and Major-General Wemyss; Colonels Bouverie, Dundas, and Wyndham; Messrs. G. E. Anson, W. Bromley, Christopher, Gilmour, Cradock, Craufurd, Hartopp, E. Hartopp, Herrick, Masters, Pryor, Turner, B. Turner, Selwyn, E. Stuart Wortley, &c., but it is impossible to enumerate the splendid group which constituted the Field, assuredly the finest ever assembled.

The meet on the 6th was Belvoir, and before eleven o'clock the park was filled with horsemen, admirably mounted, the number certainly not less than six hundred. Goodall, the Duke's huntsman, led the hounds from the kennels to the open piece of meadow-land near the Peacock Inn, where the horsemen generally

assemble; and at half-past eleven, Her Majesty, accompanied by Lady Portman, Lady Adeliza Manners, and the Duke of Rutland, proceeded to Allextion Hall, the seat of Mr. Gregory, where the hounds were to throw off. On passing the Peacock Inn, a double line of horsemen, ranged for a considerable distance on either side the road, gave a real fox-hunting cheer, and waved their hats, indicating the delight they experienced from the presence of their Sovereign. On arriving near Allextion gorse, the Royal carriage halted in order to afford the Queen an opportunity of seeing the hounds throw off.

At twelve o'clock, Lord Forester threw the hounds into the gorse, and on the instant a real varmint was a-foot, and went off at a good bat, leaving the Hall to the left, and making for the School plat-gorse, passing Stroston village to the right, then headed back through the wood, and across the park, the hounds close at his brush, and passing within three hundred yards of Her Majesty's carriage, the leading horsemen close up. The Queen stood up to view the exhilarating scene, and reynard, as if loyally disposed, bore up to something less than one hundred yards of the Royal carriage, when he was headed by the crowd who gave three cheers at witnessing the animation of the Sovereign. The fox now crossed the Grantham road, taking the canal (a bridge being *conveniently* at hand for some of the Field), and then going straight away to the left, passed Barrowby village, and on towards Little Gowerby, in the direction for Belton Park, the seat of Lord Brownlow, where the gallant fellow went to ground, after affording an excellent run of an hour and ten minutes. After "taking leave" of the Queen, the park was so trodden by the foot people, and the scent so completely failed, as to reduce the Field to slow hunting, and a heavy ploughed field, after passing the canal, was also in favor of the varmint; indeed, he was never pressed after quitting the park.

Her Majesty returned to the Castle at two o'clock; and the hounds, at the conclusion of the run were brought back to the kennel. The Field included most of the Gentlemen and Ladies who attended yesterday, the latter wearing white favors, no less desirous to do honor to the Queen than Her Majesty's subjects of "sterner mould."

I must not omit to mention, that on Her Majesty's return to town, at the entrance to Melton Mowbray a handsome triumphal arch was erected, covered with evergreen and hung with flags, surmounted by *two stuffed foxes*, emblems of the Metropolis of Hunting, and on the front was an inscription, "Albert Prince of Wales, England's hope!"

Now, whether we view the pageantry of the Royal cavalcade, surrounded by hundreds of the finest hunters in the world—the enthusiasm and loyalty of the people in welcoming their Sovereign and her Illustrious Consort to our national sport—and the excellence of the runs—I think I may fairly assert that a more glorious scene was never witnessed in the brightest days of "merrie England."

HERNE.



## THE FIRST WEEK IN DECEMBER.

BY DETONATOR.

HAIL Christmas ! hail Frost ! hail Snow ! hail Hail ! all hail ! that is, when they all come ; but at this present time of writing, the climate, in this part of Devonshire at least, reminds one more of the sweet South than the close of the year, for the atmosphere is purely Italian, and "the balmy breezes amongst the trees-es," as the poet says, are as mild as the soft air wafted over that insular paradise, Madeira, where the consumptive are consigned either to renovate their attenuated frames, or breathe their last on a foreign shore. It is to be hoped, however, that ere the Norfolk dainties are distributed throughout the Metropolis, and *Maga* finds its way to the firesides of its numerous discriminating readers, we shall have something like seasonable weather.

Those of my readers who have arrived at years of discretion, and numbered some five-and-forty or fifty summers, require not to be told that a quarter of a century ago our winters were winters—skates and snow-balls, slippery ice and stunning falls ushered in the hoary month of December with appropriate honors. Alas ! for the days that are gone ! The elements now bow to the all-prevailing influence of steam ; the whole country is enveloped in vapor ; coke-fires and hissing engines warm the surface of England's fertile plains, and stern Winter, awed by the unnatural heat, draws it *mild*. I confess I am not philosopher enough to console myself with the home-spun proverb, "It's all for the best." Give me the old-fashioned weather of thirty years ago—a bracing atmosphere, a frozen sheet of water, and a crisp coating of snow on field and highway. Those were the days for bracing nerve and limb, invigorating the frame, and begetting a keen appetite, which gave a zest to the good cheer beneath the paternal roof. Snipes, woodcocks, teal, widgeon, and wild-ducks then honored us with their annual visits. Where are they now ? either remaining quietly at home in their own desolate regions, or gone to a more friendly clime, at least one more congenial with their nature and habits. Thanks to the "Maudesleys" and the "Watts's," and their *en-gine-uity*, they have made Old England *too hot to hold them* !

To the extraordinary and unnatural mildness of the season I must attribute the all but total absence of migratory game. Woodcocks have been unusually scarce in Devonshire, which is proverbially a good county for the long-bills : a tolerably fair sprinkling has been found in certain favored localities, but these have been few and far between. I have seen but ten birds since the 16th of October ; of these, however, I have been fortunate enough to knock over eight. Mr. Mitchel, of Coutley, has come in for

a good share of this "here-to-day-and-gone-to-morrow" sport. In one day he killed six couple and a half on his own estate, and he has never gone out without bringing home one or more on each occasion. I never saw finer cocks than those I have shot myself; they were all in splendid condition, and afforded very pretty picking to my epicurean friends. As an instance of the un-Christmas-like weather, I may mention that I have just left my friend and neighbor, our excellent Rector, with whom I strolled round his well-kept shrubbery, and he pointed out to me two splendid fuchsias, which were shooting forth young leaves in all the luxuriance of April or May, thus affording a premature proof of the freaks December is indulging in.

You may travel from Dan to Beersheba and not meet with better snipe-ground than that afforded on both banks of the Axe, from the town of Axminster to Axmouth, where the river discharges itself into the sea. Very few of these delicious birds made their appearance last year in the bottoms, but the year before I had unusually good sport, having killed ten couple and a half in a day, and I never went out without bringing home three, four, or five couples. We have a little too much water at present in the best parts of the swamps, but still several birds have been seen in the marsh, and I hope, as the hard weather sets in—if we are to have any—to bring a few to bag. I suspect the snipes are on our moors and hills, having been driven thither by the late floods, and I do not look for anything like sport until a little dry weather compels them to resort to the swamp again to bore for food. To the bog-trotter and bog-shooter it will be gratifying to learn that an enterprising Knight of the Last (Snobs are exploded) in the good town of Weymouth has discovered the art and mystery of making pliable and wearable marsh-boots, very closely resembling the comfortable casings for the extremities made by the renowned Monsieur Duflos of Abbeville, whose Crispin-ian merits have been so justly extolled by the Author of "The Sportsman in France." Captain Lautour of the guards, a first-rate fisherman, and Mr. Wickham, acknowledged by everyone to be the best snipe-shot in England, paid our river a visit this spring, and I had the pleasure of enjoying a day's fishing with them. They were provided each with a pair of these leathern indispensables, and for English-make they were the best samples of waterproof boots I ever saw. Captain Lautour, who lives at Weymouth, has the merit of having discovered the talent of this artist, and, having convinced himself of the excellence of Monsieur Duflos's manufacture, imparted the secret to the Weymouth boot-maker, who has profited so far by the valuable hints given him as to bid fair to rival the celebrated Frenchman. I have written by this day's post to Captain Lautour for the artist's name and address, as it is my intention to send a pattern boot to Weymouth, and have a pair of *impermeables* made for the ensuing fishing season. The price is low—only thirty shillings—and this moderate portion of capital is surely well invested in the purchase of a comfortable protector from wet and damp; to say nothing of the facility afforded for wading the shallows, to ap-

proach any given curl where the trout are rising out of the reach of the fly, save at the cost of wet haunches and the inevitable SEQUITUR of lumbago and rheumatism. The worthy Snob's name and address, and the quality of the boots I have ordered, shall be made known to my Readers in due season.

Partridge-shooting with us Devonians is virtually over. I had a glimpse of a covey on Hargrove hill, at about a mile and a half's distance, and these are the only birds I have seen for many a day.

Our worthy Rector and myself, a first-rate shot and practical Sportsman (the Rector, I mean, not myself), have toiled diligently and assiduously in our vocation in all the best coverts in the neighborhood, and the manor is an extensive one: but until yesterday we could not discover the whereabouts of the cock pheasants; of hens there was no lack—in fact I never saw them more abundant—but we respect the sex; not a feather have we ruffled, for we have an eye to next year, and there is every prospect of our forbearance meeting with its due reward hereafter. I hate a pot-hunter, and when I see any one of the blaze-away-right-and-left gentlemen fire at a hen bird in a circumscribed manor where the game is endeavored to be kept up as it should be, I cannot divest myself of the idea that he would kill his own mother if he could get anything by it. Yesterday my neighbor and myself had a very fair day's sport; we killed two brace and a half of cock pheasants, a brace of hares, a woodcock, and two couple and a half of rabbits.

My brother Knights of the trigger have doubtless heard of a recent invention by the Messrs. Needham, the gun-makers of Piccadilly. It is styled the self-priming gun, and I am told the plan and its adoption are neat, clever, and effective. I have not seen, as yet, a gun so mounted, but one or two old and experienced Sportsmen have, at my request, called at Mr. Needham's establishment, and their report I am bound to say is highly in favor of the discovery. This of a truth is the age of invention and experiments, and every mechanic of high or low degree is entitled to the thanks of the Sportsman for every improvement in the construction and utility of the gun. That the Messrs. Needham's patent is a boon conferred on the field-shooter is unquestionable if all I hear be true—a saving of time in loading is effected, and the primer in its cavity is impervious to wet—two grand *desiderata*. The action of cocking the gun throws the primer from a groove running along the stock into a little recess immediately under the cock itself, and its alleged superiority arises from the utter impossibility of the gun missing fire. I have seen a drawing of the plan, and the construction appears simple and not likely to get out of order. I have but little doubt that the self-priming gun will command extensive patronage amongst the rising generation. *Quant a moi*, I confess myself as belonging to that decried race, "the Old School," and am fain to be perfectly content with one of old Westley Richards's best doubles, and his patent primers, which, in my humble opinion, can never be exceeded for quick-

ness of firing, and every other requisite which a Sportsman may hope for or expect *daus ce bas monde*. My own gun is a *chef-d'œuvre* in its way, and is the *acme* of perfection from butt to muzzle—thanks to my Reverend friend the worthy Bishop of Bond Street, who, to use his own emphatic phrase, was determined I should have an “out-and-outer.”

London (Old) Sporting Magazine for January, 1844.

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## Notes of the Month.

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### M A R C H .

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#### DEATH OF JUDGE PORTER.

With unaffected grief we announce the death of ALEXANDER PORTER, United States Senator from Louisiana. He expired on Saturday the 13th Jan. In the death of a man of the stamp of Judge Porter, a whole nation sustains a loss. He was eminent for his forecast; he was sober and wise in deliberation, and prompt and determined in action. No man breathed, who was more sincerely devoted to the best interests of his country. The State of Louisiana was his pride. To it he brought commanding talents, disinterestedness of purpose and a zeal for the cause of human rights kindled in another clime and inflamed by political persecution and domestic bereavement. In the councils of his adopted country, he was eminent for his wisdom, his eloquence, and his purity of character. But those only who knew him in his social relations can fully appreciate his loss. In his manners, Judge Porter was most bland and elegant; his conversation was affluent of instruction, and overflowing with wit and playfulness; his friendships were ardent and abiding, and to his kindness and benevolence there were no limits. When such a man dies, to weep is no longer a weakness. Tears of affection will be shed for him in his native isle, whose soil was ensanguined by his father's blood; here, our regrets will assume a more sombre hue, for we mourn the loss of an upright judge, a senator, and a statesman.

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*New Orleans Spring Races.*—The “Louisiana Association” advertise that their Spring meeting will commence on the 6th of March, on the *Eclipse* Course, at Carrollton, (formerly Col. OLIVER's). Their first meeting was held on the Louisiana Course, (formerly Mr. GARRISON's). The Eclipse Course is about as accessible as the Louisiana or Metairie, and though no very extraordinary time has been made over it, many consider it as well adapted for making fast time as either of the others.

Col. Oliver offers a very good bill of fare for the Jockey Club meeting on the Metairie; a sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, of seventeen subscribers, is to be run for on the second day. There is some capital stock nominated in this stake. On the 3d day, a post stake for \$500 a side, with colts or fillies of their own breeding, is to come off between Mr. DUPLANTIER of Louisiana, and Mr. GREER of Kentucky. Two stakes and four club purses are also to come off during the meeting.

We would suggest to the Secretary of the “La. Association” the propriety of his keeping the Sporting World advised of its movements. Gentlemen in other States might be induced, by the prospect of a fine meeting, to visit New Orleans, while others would so time their periodical visits as to attend



the races. By the way, what was the result of the late match for \$400, between Maid of Orleans and Polly Hopkins?

P.S. Since penning the above we have received the following programme of the Association Meeting:—

*First Day, Wednesday, March 6th*—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds; subscription \$300; forfeit \$100; Mile heats; to close and name on the 1st March.—Duncan F. Kenner.

*Second Race*—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds; subscription \$300; forfeit \$100; Two mile heats; to name and close on the 1st March, 1844.

*Second Day, Thursday, March 7th, 1844*—Association Purse, \$400; Two mile heats.

*Third Day, Friday, March 8th, 1844*—Jockey Club Purse, \$600; Three mile heats.

*Fourth Day, Saturday, March 9th, 1844*—Jockey Club Purse, \$1000; Four mile heats.

*Fifth Day, Sunday, March 10th, 1844*—Association Purse, \$250; Mile heats, best three in five.

*Racing at Trenton.*—The lessee of the Eagle Course, is about addressing a circular to the friends of the Turf in New Jersey upon the subject of the formation of a Jockey Club for this popular course, which might readily be made one of the most fashionable, as it is quite the safest and fastest, in the State. Mr. Brown offers the Course to a respectable Jockey Club free of rent, or will enter into any arrangement that promises to place the course upon a more attractive footing. Situated as the course is, midway between New York and Philadelphia, the citizens of which can attend races upon it, and return to town the same day—surrounded by a population notoriously fond of the Sports of the Turf, and with several strong stables in its immediate vicinity, we see no reason why a Jockey Club of the highest respectability could not be organized, and hold semi annual meetings on it. The citizens of Trenton and Princeton should take this matter in hand; by doing so with spirit, they would find it greatly to their advantage in more senses than one.

*Racing Prospects in Canada.*—A letter from Toronto, informs us that great preparations are making for the ensuing campaign. The Toronto Turf Club, in connexion with the St. Leger Course, near that city, convened on the 14th ult., to elect officers, etc. Several stakes have been opened, and a purse of 100 sovs., together with others of smaller amount, are to be put up for public competition. We are glad to hear, too, that our friend BARBER, of the Toronto "Herald," has made considerable progress in his "Hand Book of Cricket." The new Club in this city having done us the honor to elect us its President, we are more than ever anxious to secure copies of it. We trust to take the conceit out of him and his "one of these days," after the "fresh caught ones" in our Club "get their hands in." We notice, by-the-by, with great pleasure, in an account of a recent examination for exhibition (or prize scholarships) in Upper Canada College, that G. A. BARBER, Jr., a youth of fourteen, and the eldest son of the editor of the "Herald," was among the successful competitors. Heaven send that he may prove as fine a fellow, and as good a cricketer, as his father!

The annual meeting of the South Carolina Jockey Club, commenced on the 21st ultimo, over the Washington Course near Charleston. The officers of the Club comprise the following gentlemen:—JAMES ROSE, Esq., President; Col. JOHN S. ASHE, Vice-President; J. C. COCHRAN, Esq., Treasurer; Dr. JOHN B. IRVING, Secretary, and JOHN L. WILSON, Esq., Solicitor. The Stewards for the week are, James Heyward, Hugh Rose, W. J. Bull, W. Lowndes, Wm. Harleston, R. Q. Pinckney, H. L. Toomer, and Edward Heyward, Esqs. The Jockey Club dinner was to take place on Wednesday, and the Ball on Friday night.

We learn from the "Rambler," that there never have been more horses in training at the Course for many years, than were to have been seen there a few days before the meeting commenced. The editor mentions the following:—

In Col. HAMPTON's stable, a b. m., 5 years, by Bertrand, jr., out of Betsey

Richards—Margaret Wood, by Imp. Priam, out of Maria West—and a ch. f., 2 years, by Monarch, out of Betsey Robbins by Kosciusko.

In Col. SINGLETON'S stable, there is *Hero*—a *Glaucus* filly—and a filly by Imp. Nonplus.

In Col. WILLIAMSON'S stable, which is known as "the Virginia stable," is Regent by Priam, Eutaw by Chateau Margaux, Taglioni by Priam, Tishannah by Benbow, Marchioness by Rowton, and Brown Stout, who won at Pineville lately.

In SHELTON & BELL'S stable, known as "the Georgia stable," is Billy Gay by Hedgford, Nancy Rowland by Rowton, a grey colt, 3 years, by Bascombe, and a ch. f. by Pennoyer. The celebrated mare Omega forred one of this string, until within a few weeks falling lame, she has been thrown out of training.

In Mr. EDMONSON'S stable, (another Georgia stable), is Morgan and Brandy by Bascombe, and Mary Elizabeth by Andrew.

In Mr. SINKLER'S stable, is Zoe by Rowton, Champion by Tarquin, Girth by Rienzi, and old Santa Anna.

In Capt. ROWE'S stable, is a b. f., 4 years, by Emancipation, out of Lady Morgan—and a very speedy filly, 3 years, by Liverpool, out of dam of Theodore.

In Mr. BARCLAY'S stable, is a ch. m. Julia Davie by Rowton, b. m. by Bertrand, jr., and a ch. m. by Emancipation.

In Messrs. THOMPSON & FENNER'S stable, (known as the North Carolina stable) is Oregon, a b. h., 3 years, by Philip, Crackaway, a ch. c., 2 years old, by Tonson, and Clarendon, a br. c., 3 years, by Priam, dam by Marion.

In Dr. GUIGNARD'S stable, is Edisto by Rowton, and in Capt. HARRISON'S stable, is Joe Winfield by John Dawson, and a ch. f. by Crazy Bill.

In addition to the above there is a plentiful sprinkling of "*rum ones to look at, but good 'uns to go*," reserved for the second races and sweepstakes.

We have received, as Secretary of the Club, several letters applying for membership, which will considerably increase the numbers of our club, and the weather promises to be good; we anticipate for the lovers of the sports of the turf a week of great, and for many years unparalleled enjoyment.

The following is an extract from a letter dated Natchitoches, La., Jan. 29, 1844:—

It was most fortunate that Messrs. WELLS and CARNELL paid us a visit last Fall; in beating us so badly they have raised the *Ebenzer* of our sporting gentlemen. With one of the finest courses in the South, with abundance of wealth, and the disposition to invest it freely in horse flesh, it was shameful that we had not a single horse that could contend successfully for the purses; every person pronounced it outrageous; the whole Parish considered itself as implicated in the mortifying truth, that we had not a winner. How did it happen? simply because we had but 2 or 3 thorough-bred horses, and from their small size, the weight killed them. One of the first moves made after the races was to send Mary Taylor (Fortune) to the harem of Leviathan, and Rosabella to that of Wagner.

A. LECOMTE & Co. employed W. S. TYSON—a young gentleman of most excellent judgment, and who is devoted to the Turf—with instructions to proceed to Tennessee, and regardless of price, to procure some of the best get of Leviathan, Glencoe, Stockholder, &c. He returned here a few weeks ago, having fulfilled his instructions to the entire satisfaction of the company. The colts are uncommonly large and very fine, with unquestionable blood, as the pedigrees which accompany this will shew, and I think that it may be safely asserted, that there is not in the whole South a more splendid stable of untried 2 and 3 year olds than those of A. Lecomte & Co. They are now in training here, and will make their first appearance on any Turf in Orleans next Spring. If our friends from Rapides, Messrs. Wells & Carnell, think that they can "throw mud in our faces" again let them come up next Fall, and as the venerable RITCHIE would say "*nous verrons*." The following names for the colts are claimed by A. Lecomte & Co.:—

For a bay filly 3 years old in the Spring of '43, by Tarquin out of Imp. Sarah by Sarpedon, the name claimed is "*Laura*" (late Madeline.)

For a chesnut filly (own sister to John Ross) foaled in the Spring of '41, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, g. dam full sister to the celebrated race horse Tennessee Oscar, the name claimed is "*Eliza Mills*."

For a brown filly foaled in April '41, got by Jefferson (by Sir Archie) out of chesnut mare Desdemona (she by Timoleon) her dam by Elliott's Pacolet by Wilkes' Wonder, g.g. dam by Celer, g.g.g. dam by Wildair, g.g.g.g. dam by Mark Anthony, g.g.g.g.g. dam by Fearnought, &c., the name claimed is "*Sally Parr*."

For a chesnut filly foaled Spring '42, got by Muley Moloch by Muley, his dam Nancy by Dick Andrews, dam of Longwaist [see Stud Book, vol. 4 p. 323]; her dam by Champion (son of Selim) dam by Cestrian, her dam Paulina by Orville—Sir Peter—Herod [see Stud Book, vol. 4 p. 82] the name claimed is "*Cora*."

For a bay colt foaled in March '41, got by Imp. Glencoe out of Imp. Nanny Kilham, she by Voltaire; the name claimed is "*Flintoff*."

For a dark chesnut colt foaled in March '41 and own brother to Harry Cargil, got by Imp. Leviathan out of Imp. Florestine by Whisker; the name claimed is "*Harry of the West*."

For a brown colt foaled in the Spring of '41, by Stockholder, his dam by Imp. Leviathan, g. dam Gen. Robt. Desha's noted Four mile mare (Clack) by Tennessee Oscar, g.g. dam, the dam of the celebrated mare Botsey Malone, the name claimed is "*El Bolero*."

It appears that the name for chesnut colt Harry of the West has been claimed previously to the purchase of him by Mr. Lecomte. As the list comprises the stable of A. Lecomte & Co., it would perhaps be as well to publish him in the list.

Respectfully,

W. P. REYBURN, Sec'y. N. J. Club

*Hedgeana*, a fine filly, by Imp. Hedgford, was purchased after her late race at Hayneville, Ala., by Mr. THOS. BROUGHTON, of Lowndes County. Mr. B. is "a new beginner," and we are glad to hear he has determined on making up a good stable.

*What is the Rule?*—A gentleman writes us from Montgomery, Ala. that during the late races there a colt called *Camphor* was started one day as a *five* yr. old and on another day as a *four* year old. On the first day the colt's age being questioned the matter was referred to a committee of the Jockey Club, who, regardless of record or certificate decided that the colt was five years old; subsequently they became satisfied of their error and he was allowed to start as a four year old! We are surprised that a gentleman should allow his horse to start under such circumstances; unless proclamation was made of the fact, it was a palpable fraud upon the public, while at the same time it was doing great injustice to the colt; we take it for granted that in "modern instances" a gentleman thinks nearly as much of the reputation of a favorite horse as of his own; at least such has been our experience. The committee of the Jockey Club were entirely unauthorized in setting aside "the record and certificates," as it seems to us, though we are not informed as to their character for authenticity. Yet it would appear that the committee itself changed its opinion upon the subject, and by their second *decision* [!] virtually acknowledged their incompetency to sit in judgment upon a matter of the kind.

*Sport in Arkansas*—A correspondent of the Batesville "North Arkansas," communicates the result of the late match between *Freshet* and *Tyre Mussett*, in the following terms:—

Walnut Grove, Jackson Co., Dec. 25, 1843.

DEAR SIR: The race between *Freshet* and *Tyre Mussett* has just come off; *Freshet* winning in 2 straight heats, easily. Time 4m—4:3. Before starting *Tyre* was the favorite, but little betting, owing to the filly appearing injured in the hock. I think *Freshet* a race nag some distance, and will authorize you to say she can beat either of the colts she run against last spring in a sweep-stake at Van Buren; the race to come off over this course, the last Wednesday in March next, mile heats for \$500 aside, half forfeit, to be closed by the 15th of February next. This is a fine course, and every accommodation by the proprietor, R. Stone, who is a whole team of himself. Come to the races in January, and try and get *Pete Whetstone* to come with you;—he can catch items for at least fifty letters.

Yours, &c.

D.

*Mary Jones.*—Enquiry having been made relative to the pedigree of this fine performer, (now in the stud of T. B. GOLDSBY, Esq., of Selma, Ala.) we can state that she was bred by Maj. WM JONES, of Cold Spring Harbour, L. I. She was got by Imp. Barefoot, out of Eleanor by Eclipse, her dam by Imp. Messenger, out of the celebrated "Yankee mare," by Imp. Figure. Mary Jones started but once on Long Island, but has since won, it is said, fifteen times, having lost but two races.

*Young Jackson*, a fine son of the celebrated trotting stallion Andrew Jackson (who died last season), out of a Mambrino mare, has been purchased by Mr. ALBERT EMMONS, of Flatlands, Long Island. Young Jackson will probably take Abdallah's old stand near the Union Course. He is a remarkably fine looking young horse, full sixteen hands high, with good action, being equal to nearly three minutes in harness.

*Challenge from Eclipse, at the age of Thirty!*—The last number of the Frankfort "Commonwealth" contains the following challenge from GEORGE E. BLACKBURN, a worthy son of "Uncle Ned," who, by the bye, can give odds and beat any man alive and above ground at writing or talking up a favorite stallion. It is addressed

*To the Owners of Stallions in Kentucky.*—I have at my stable AMERICAN ECLIPSE, the great father of Race horses, and himself the victor of the Western World. He is now thirty years old. I will give the owners of fine Stallions an opportunity of comparing their horses with him, on the 3d Monday of February, 1844, at Frankfort. We are afraid but few will dare appear, when we make it known that the old horse is in the full vigor of his youth, and as gay and active as when the bugle's blast called him to the field of his victory and his fame. He is a living monument of the inefficiency of time's attack. I live within two miles of Frankfort, and will be happy to furnish gentlemen who may bring their horses to the exhibition, with good stables—so they need have no apprehension on that point. Kentucky's proud champion, GREY EAGLE, will be there, and will exhibit the same "stately steppings," and undaunted mien, which, upon the field of Oakland, called forth the loud huzzas of Kentucky's Sportsmen.

GEORGE E. BLACKBURN.

Col. METCALFE, the new proprietor of the Oakland Course, Louisville, Ky., has lately returned from New Orleans in the highest spirits—a friend writes us—having engaged several South western stables to attend his Spring Meeting. Imp. Jordan and Earl of Margrave are to stand at the course this season. The "Galt House Stake" has closed with forty-one subscribers.

*Sale of Mr. WEATHERLEY's Stock.*—We find in the Liverpool "Chronicle" of the 16th Jan., a report of the sale, by Messrs. Tattersall, of the Blood Stock of the late Mr. Weatherley, among which was the celebrated Sir Hercules, the half brother to Capt. STOCKTON's Langford, and sire of Coronation, at \$4,500. We quote:—

Sir Hercules, by Whalebone, 900 guineas; bay mare by Velocipede, 24; bay yearling colt by Sir Hercules, 30; ch. f. by Sir Hercules, 38; Livermaud, a bay two-year-old colt, by Liverpool, 180.

Lord Macdonald's hunters: Fairstar, 115 gs.; Judy M'Cann, 100; Black Prince, 88; Will-with-a-wisp 280; Ptarmigan, 200; Hector, 200; Jew's Eye, 255; and Curiosity 120.

Of Col. Thomson's hunters, Prisoner fetched 180 guineas, and Discount 155. Sir Hercules was purchased by the Hon. S. Herbert.



H. J. CANNON, Esq., of Melton, Fayette Co., Tenn., claims the following names:—*Notion*, for a gr. c., 3 yrs. old, by Clarence Linden, out of Sally Sable; that of *North State*, for a ch. c., 2 yrs. old, by Andrew, out of Polly Cottle, a Marion mare; and *Carolina*, for a ch. f., 1 yr. old, by Imp. Priam, out of Polly Cottle.



# The Racing Calendar.

## MOBILE, ALA., BASCOMBE COURSE.

We learn from the "Daily Advertiser" of that city, that the "Mobile Association Races" commenced on

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 17, 1844—Purse \$200, \$25 to 2d best horse, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs., allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings.  Horses to take their age from 1st May  Mile heats.

Jas. E. Zunt's ch m. <i>Susan Hill</i> , by Imp. Glencoe, out of Susan Hill by Timoleon, 4 yrs.	1	1
Isaac Van Leer's (Thos. Kirkman's) gr. c. <i>Dandy</i> , by Imp. Pop, dam by Imp. Leviathan, 3 yrs.	4	2
D. Myers' b. f. <i>Lucy Myers</i> , by Pacific, dam by Sir Richard, 4 yrs	3	3
M. J. McRae's b. h. <i>John Hunter</i> , by Shark, out of Coquette by Sir Archy, 7 yrs	2	dist
Time not given.		

The "Advertiser" states that Susan Hill won easily. The weather was fine, the track in tolerably good condition, notwithstanding the late rains, and there was a very respectable concourse of spectators in attendance.

THURSDAY, Jan. 18—Purse \$300, of which the 2d best horse received \$50; weights as before. Two mile heats.

I. Van Leer's (Thos. Kirkman's) ch. f. <i>Liatunah</i> , by Imp. Ainderby, out of Imp. Jenny Mills, 3 yrs.	1	1
D. Myers' b. f. <i>Oriole</i> (own sister to Linnet, Wren, Falcon, Swallow, etc.), by Imp. Leviathan, out of Object by Marshal Ney	2	2
M. J. McRae's h. <i>Bankrupt</i> , out of an Imp. mare by Emilius, 5 yrs.	3	dist.
Time, 3:57—3:51.		

A finer day never shone on a course than to-day—the ladies shone out too, and both conspired to impart additional delight to the sport. There were three entries, Bankrupt, Liatunah, and Oriole. Public favor, like safety, lay in the middle, and to such an extent that little or no betting took place. Bankrupt was entirely out of order, having been training only a month, after playing "saddle horse" for the summer. The favorite evidently had little trouble in winning either heat, or both, and in the second narrowly escaped shutting out the field.

The following is from the "Tribune" of Saturday:—

Yesterday's race was for the three mile purse, for which the renowned Peytona was entered, together with a fine colt by Imp. Belshazzar. The former was the favorite, of course. She is the largest mare ever seen on the American Turf, being about sixteen hands and three inches over the withers. For one of such giant proportions she is a handsome looking animal, and, in slow work, her gait is ungraceful; her action, when fully extended, is superb. At such times her stride measures the enormous space of twenty-seven feet. All the produce of her dam—Giantess—are nearly on the same vast scale. Aduella, one year older, has never been beaten in that most trying of races—three in five. A two year old brother recently brought \$1,030, and promises to be equal in size and speed to any of his family. The suckling colt is said to be one of the finest ever seen. For Peytona herself \$3,500 have been offered and refused.

The other entry was St. Cloud, by Imp. Belshazzar, a colt admirably well put up, but not in good condition. He had run but three races, and won two of them. One was his colt stake at Shelbyville, and the other at Montgomery. He is a very fine colt, as his yesterday's race proved him.

*The Race.*—St. Cloud started off with Peytona *en attendant*, and at a slow rate they ran the first two miles. On turning into the back stretch, the mare took the spur pretty freely, and then the pace improved. At the third turn of the last mile the mare went ahead, but still the little colt stuck to her, and in a beautiful brush, but with ears playing and fully at her ease, she came home an open length in advance—making the last mile in 1:49.

The second heat—though the issue was plain—was rendered interesting by the two running so close together; but the time was slow, and the superiority of the mare too plain to admit of an instant's doubt. The tale was soon told.

FRIDAY, Jan. 19—Jockey Club Purse \$400, the second horse to receive \$100, weights as before. Three mile heats.

Isaac Van Leer's (Thos. Kirkman's) ch. f. <i>Peytona</i> , by Imp. Glencoe, out of Giantess by Imp. Leviathan, 4 yrs.....	1	1
D. Myers' b. c. <i>St. Cloud</i> , by Imp. Belshazzar, dam by Partner, 3 yrs.....	2	2

Time, 6:00—5:58.

We find the last day's race also in the "Tribune." There was a heavy rain on the morning, which marred the sport. The following was the result:—

SATURDAY, Jan. 6—J. C. Purse \$200, weights as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.  
 Jas. E. Zuntz's ch. m. *Susan Hill*, by Imp. Glencoe, out of Susan Hill, 6 yrs..... 1 1  
 M. J. McRae's ch. c. *Ran Peyton*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, 4 yrs. 2 dist.  
 Time, 1:55—1:53.

### AUGUSTA, GA., LAFAYETTE COURSE.

We are indebted to the "Chronicle and Sentinel" for the report annexed:—

MONDAY, Jan. 22, 1844—Purse \$100, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 90lbs.—4, 102—5, 112—6, 120—7 and upwards, 126lbs., allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

Geo. Robinson's ch. f. <i>Frances Amanda</i> , by Pennoyer, out of Sally McGrath, 3 yrs.....	1	1
Col. H. L. Jones' ch. h. <i>Robert Rowton</i> , by Imp. Rowton, dam by Arab, 5 yrs.....	3	2
Wm. Eddings' ch. g. <i>De Soto</i> , by Hualpa, dam by Phenomenon, 4 yrs.....	2	3

Time, 1:53—1:56.

TUESDAY, Jan. 23—Purse \$200, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

J. Lamkin's ch. m. <i>Mary Elizabeth</i> , by Andrew, dam by Gallatin, aged.....	1	1
J. B. Barkley & S. Perry's ch. m. <i>Julia Davie</i> , by Imp. Rowton, dam by Kosciusko, 5 yrs.....	2	2
L. Shelton's ch. c. <i>Morgan</i> , by John Bascombe, out of Emma Hampton, 4 yrs.....	4	3
A. S. Jones' b. h. <i>Richard Rowton</i> , by Imp. Rowton, dam by Falstaff, grandam by Gallatin, 5 yrs.....	3	dr
W. R. Smith's b. f. <i>Joicy Allen</i> , pedigree and age omitted.....	dr*	

Time, 3:57—3:58. \* Drawn on account of lameness.

The track on Monday was heavy, but yesterday, owing to the quantity of rain which had fallen, it was extremely bad. The running was much better than could have been anticipated.

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 24—Purse \$—, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Barkley & Perry's b. f. <i>Lucinda</i> , by Bertrand Jr., dam by Roanoke, 4 yrs.....	1	1
Wm. R. Smith's b. h. <i>Billy Gay</i> , by Imp. Hedgford, out of Mary Frances, 5 yrs.....	2	2
H. Adams' ch. g. <i>Brandy</i> , by John Bascombe, out of Betsey Wallace by Alexander, 4 yrs.....	3	3

Time, 6:06—6:06. Course very heavy.

For the purse for mile heats, best 3 in 5, Richard Rowton and Nancy Rowland were entered. There were two matches for small amounts also to come off on the 25th.

### LOUISIANA ASSOCIATION RACES.

[Concluded]

LAST DAY, Jan. 7—Purse \$250, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Duncan F. Kenner's ch. m. <i>Aduella</i> , by Imp. Glencoe, out of Giantess (Peytona's dam) by Imp. Leviathan, 5 yrs.....	1	1	1
F. A. Lumsden's (Geo. Coffeen's) ch. m. <i>Polly Ellis</i> , by Imp. Trustee, out of Rosalinda by Ogle's Oscar, 6 yrs.....	dist.		

Time, 2:02.

The "Picayune" states that the race closed not under a cloud, but under a heaped up mass of clouds, which wept rain incontinently and with unfeeling continuity. *Aduella* won the purse of \$250, mile heats, best three in five, so much at her ease that she distanced her only competitor the first heat in 2:02. There was some other sport, but not of a nature to require a record. Although both weather and sport were thus unpropitious, there was a goodly show of people present.

We are pleased to hear that there is on the tapis a play or pay post stake, \$2,000 subscription, for mile heats, to come off the first day of the next spring meeting; the Association to add \$1,000 thereto, to give to the second best horse in the race. This is but a crude outline of the stake proposed, but it is one which promises sport, if a sufficient number of subscribers to it can be obtained.